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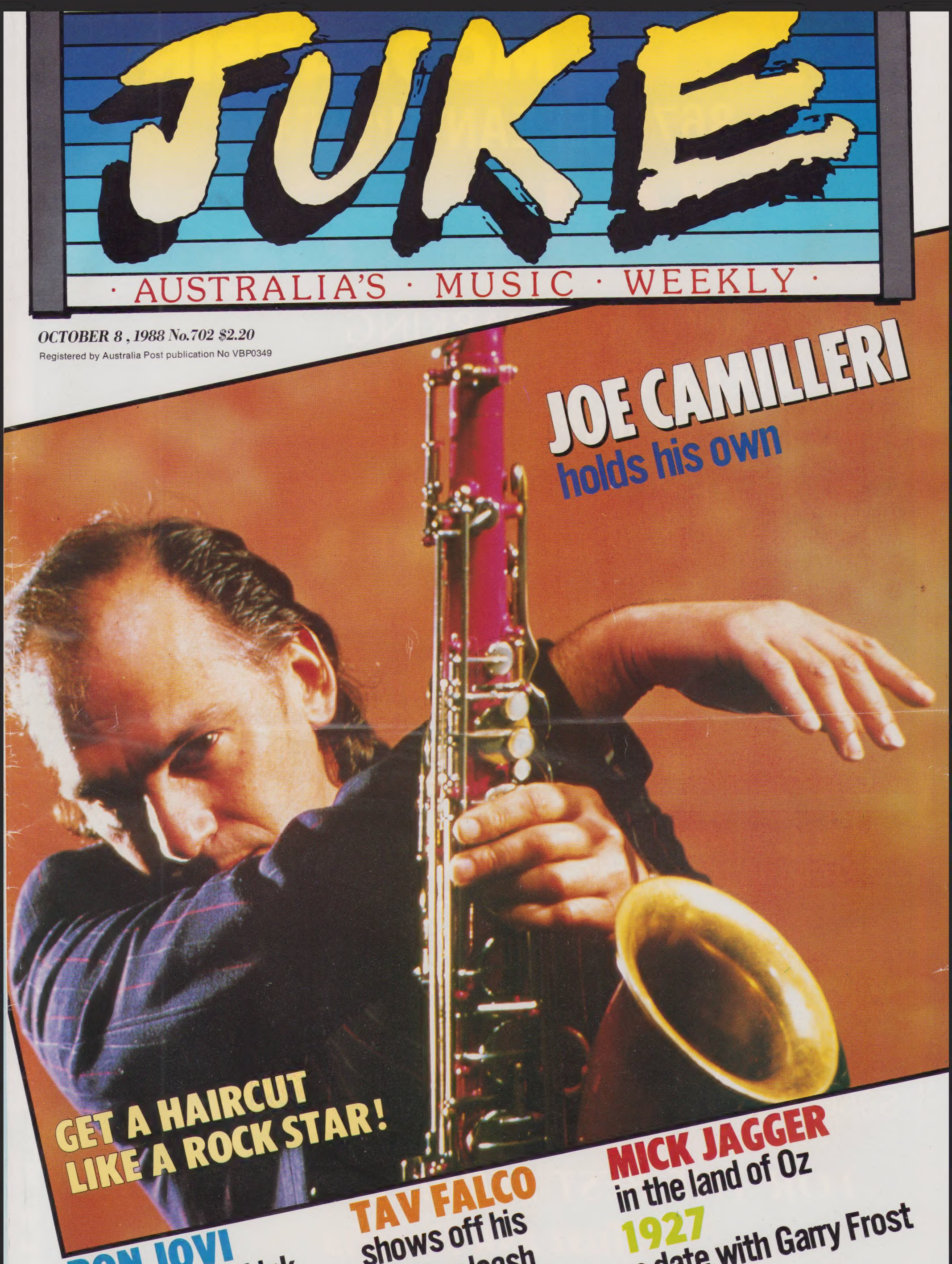

JOE CAMILLERI
holds his own

GET A HAIRCUT LIKE A ROCK STAR!

BON JOVI
"people don't think we're real any more"

TAV FALCO
shows off his panther leash

PHIL COLLINS
on "Buster"

MICK JAGGER
in the land of Oz

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a date with Garry Frost

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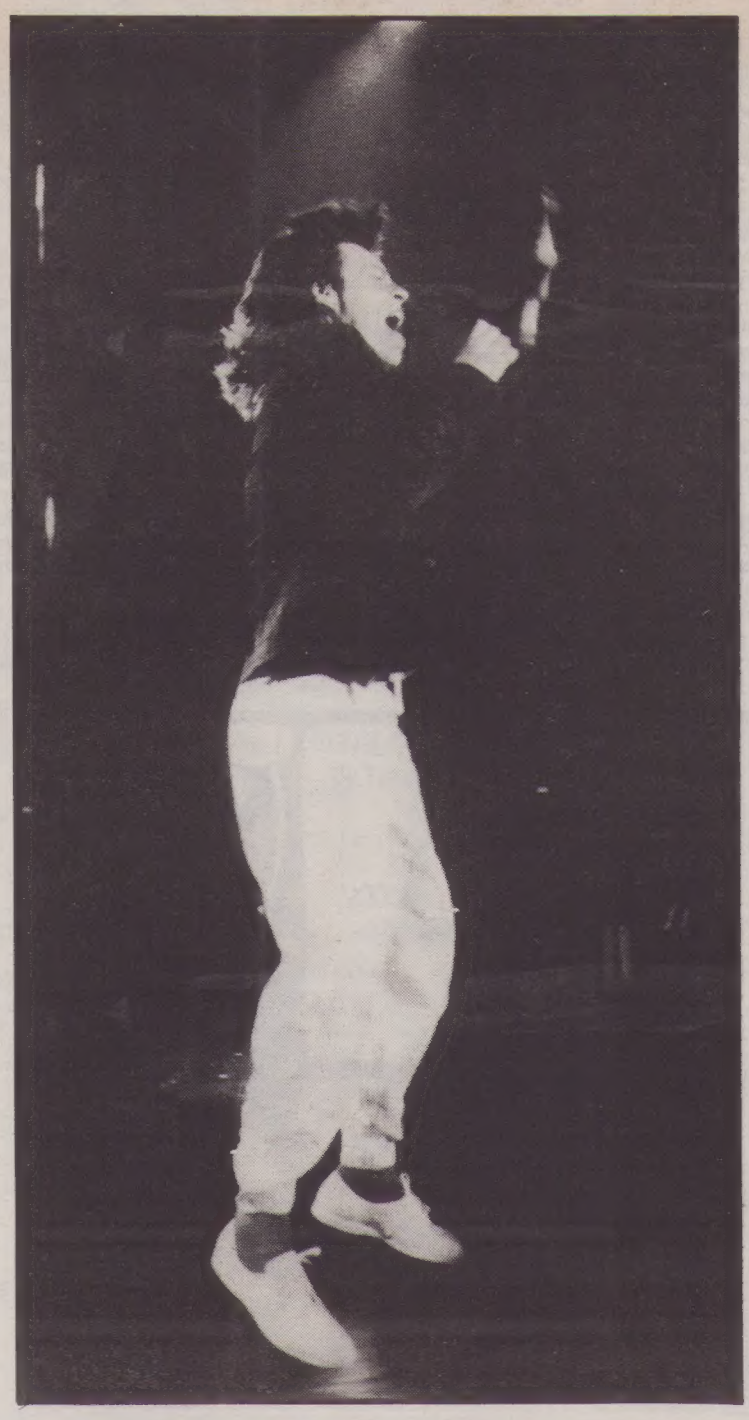
• Chatting with the Sydney media

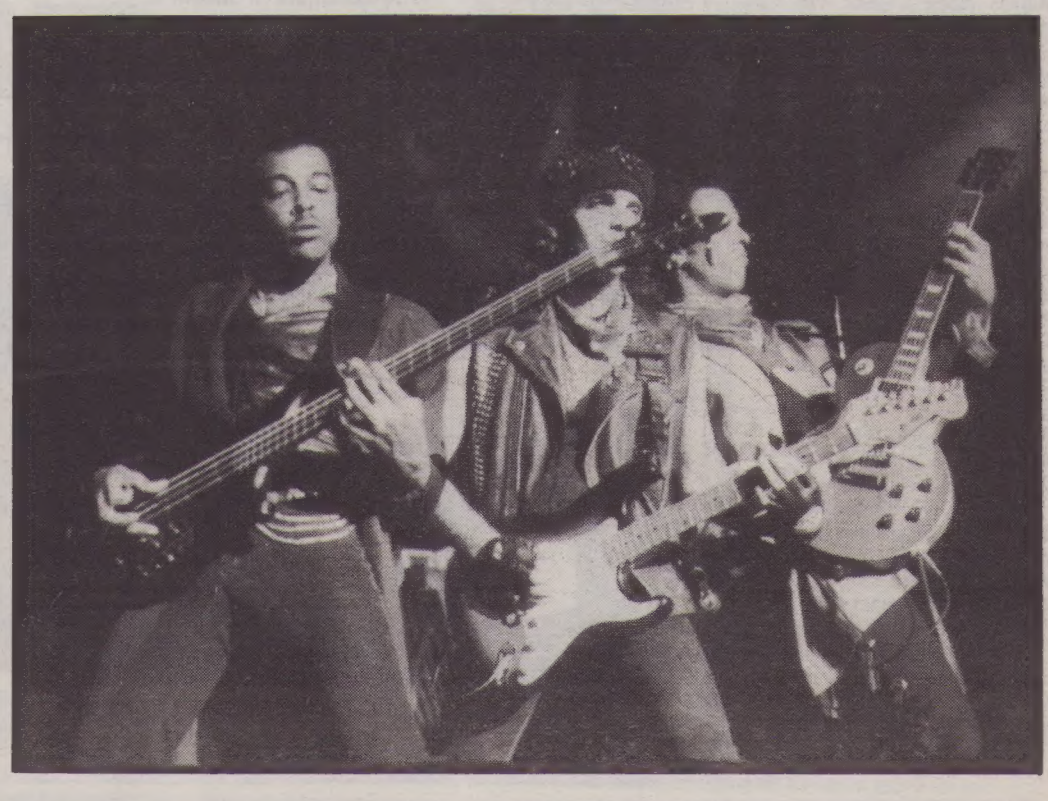
These pix: BOB KING

• Airport pandemonium as Mick arrives in Australia

DANCING WITH MR. J

As to be expected, the Mick Jagger solo tour caused its share of chaos and media attention. The set was essentially an audience pleaser, pulling out Stones classics like "It's Only Rock 'n' Roll" and "Satisfaction" with some of his solo stuff. MATTHEW DELLER caught the action when the Jagger-naut kicked off the tour in Brisbane . . .





BARBED WIRES

Edited by **CHRISTIE ELIEZER**

Be still our beating hearts. Story of the week is that **Rick Astley's** tapes for his new LP were NOT (underline NOT a couple of times so you all get the message) burned in the fire that swept through **Stock Aitken & Waterman's** studios in London recently.

The world shuddered in its axis when the news leaked out that Ricky's master tapes melted into big black blobs. However, whoopie, it's since been discovered that the tapes were somewhere else, and that the LP will be out on schedule before Christmas.

Meantime fire experts are still working out what caused the fire, which caused more than $½ million in damages. A music lover should not be ruled out.

• **Madonna** currently in LA putting down trax for her next LP, co-producing it with **Pat Leonard.**

Stevie's wondering why his luck's changed, as he gets a stereo hug from a rather cute looking Whitney and a looking-rather-like-her-brother La Toya Jackson. The sincere and magic moment occurred backstage at Houston's Madison Square Garden benefit show, held recently to aid the United Negro College fund.

• The original **X** rhythm section of **Ian Rilen** and **Steve Caffero** will be in the just-reformed **Beasts Of Bourbon**. The BBs reunited to do the Sydney end of the **Tav Falco** tour although the whisper is that they'll be touring on their own right later on.

• Sydney's **Porcelain Bus** set to return to the Sydney circuit at the end of the month after a long break. They'll be clutching copies of their new Citadel single "Own Little World" which was produced by **Died Pretty's Brett Meyers.**

• **Topper Headon,** the former **Clash** drummer, has been released from prison in England after serving 10 months of his 15-month sentence on drug charges. Topper and his wife **Catherine** have announced they are temporarily planning to live in France.

• **Mondo Rock's Ross Wilson** spotted hanging out with the **Joe Cocker** band after their second Sydney show.

• In Perth, in the wake of the Burmese civil riots with hospital patients dying because of lack of medicine, local rock bands staged a 10-hour benefit to get some money over to that troubled country. The "Burmathon" included appearances from **Faces, Tora Tora, Cover-Up, Shangri La, Association, The Shades, Vagrants, ESP, Rita Soe Win** and the aptly named **Stars Of Burma.**

• **Marillion** singer **Fish** has left the band for a solo career. The band is currently working on a studio LP although a double live set is due out soon.

• **Michael Jackson** is now officially the highest paid entertainer: he made more than A$126 million last year. This includes proceeds from the *Bad* record and world tour sales, merchandising, selling off **Beatles** songs to big-buck corporations etc.

Runner-up was **Bruce Springsteen** who had to struggle by on $76 million, but which made him rank No 7 in the new listing released by US magazine *Forbes*. Others in the big money included **Madonna** ($58 million) **Bill Cosby** ($105 million) director **Steven Spielberg** ($80 million) **Sylvester Stallone** ($78 million) and *Peanuts* creator **Charles Schulz,** actor **Arnold Schwarzenegger** and boxer **Mike Tyson** on $70 million.

• It's more than likely we'll see **Terence Trent D'Arby** in the movies by next year. Unlike most popsters-turning-bad-actors (or actresses) this isn't Tez's mega ego talking. There are actors who're asking him to make films!

None other than portly **Marlon Brando,** for instance. Our tub of lard was watching TV one day when he saw Terence on a chat talk doing what Terence likes doing best — talking about himself.

Anyway, Marlon was so "swept away by his sheer arrogance" that he immediately rang up his agent to offer Terence a role in his next movie.

Untidy **Mickey Rourke** too thinks Tez has the right attitude, and met with him over dinner in New York recently.

There's also some talk that Rourke wants to make a record (can you see the marketing slogan — "hey, I know it's only Rourke'n'roll") and is getting some tips from the Dreadlocked One.

• Highlight on the Reading festival in England was the set by **Iggy Pop** and his very hot band. In fact, people preferred to miss the last coach home just to hear his encore. There are rumours that Ig and the band are heading our way sometime, so let's keep our fingers crossed.

It wasn't all cheeses and cream for the other performers at the festival. A lot of bottle throwing went on, and chief victims of the crowd's outburst were **Bonnie Tyler, Meatloaf** and **Deacon Blue.** Bonnie was praised for standing her ground and finishing her set. But Deacon Blue were forced to stop after one song. Meat found that all that blubber was not enough to protect him. He'd already stormed off twice after warning the crowd to stop. When he came back a third time, he was bonked on the head with a flying bottle and had to be taken to hospital for a check up for suspected concussion.

The bands blamed the lousy security at the show; the latter insist they did the best they could but "obviously you can't overlook every single person".

One of the bands who didn't get to Reading were our own **Angels.** In a rather puzzling set of circumstances, one of the band members repeatedly told **Scott Howlett** the band were confirmed for the festival, while a spokesperson for the band's Dirty Pool management (now defunct, of course) said the Angels were never ever contemplated for the show.

• **Daryl Braithwaite's** new guitarist is **John Housden,** brother of **LRB's** axeman **Steve.**

• Among the tracks being put down by **Ian Moss** for his solo LP is a **Don Walker** song.

• Some popsters have strange hobbies. **The Stranglers' Dave Greenfield** has joined a sports group which dresses up as Saxon warriors and run around the countryside enacting the Norman invasion. But, oohh, ahhh, yeoowww, the paddling on his armour slipped halfway through last week's battle and a real live arrow pierced him in the shoulder. Our not-so-tough hero got carted off to ye olde hospital for a ye olde tetanus shot.

• In Perth, **Matt Taylor** has regrouped **Chain** for another round of national dates.

Guitarist **John Meyer** recently backed a sole Perth gig by **Brett Keyser,** talented songwriter from **Innocent Bystanders** whose debut LP got its fair share of critical acclaim. Keyser is awaiting the news of a East Coast record deal before returning to Sydney to base himself.

• **Trivia trash: Mick Jagger** paid **The Johnnys** $200 for the loan of their equipment when he and the band played as **The Brothers Of Sodom** at the Kardomah Cafe in Sydney to warm up for their Oz dates.

Spot The Aussie is a new Melbourne band formed by some not-so-new faces which include guitarist Chris Stockley, keyboard player Craig Reeves, sax/harp player Steve Williams, bassis Les Gough, drummer Doug McDonald and guitarist Phil Para. The band is currently using its residences at The Esplanade Hotel, Intrepid Fox, and Prince of Wales to record a live LP for future national release.

• When **Maxi Priest** tells his friends "can't go out tonight, gotta wash my hair" he means it. It takes him an hour to wash his long dreadlocks . . .and because he has to let it dry naturally, he has to wrap it in a towel and wait another three hours.

• So what did **Bros** do when their first single went to the top of the charts in England? They lashed out with the champagne, and then emotion got the better of them, and they all started to weep!

No doubt they cheered up considerably when their manager walked in with brand new gold Rolex watches as a present!

• Will **Derek B** and the **West Indies Cricket Team** — all close friends — end up doing a rap record together?

• At his final European show in Liverpool, **Michael Jackson** dedicated the show to **The Beatles** and did renditions of "Yellow Submarine" and "I Wanna Hold Your Hand". Yes we heard a lot of publicity about the faintings and crushes, with with a crowd of 120,000, it was one of the biggest live events in Britain for many years.

• **Pogues'** leader **Shane McGowan** was admitted to a Dublin hospital suffering what the band's management delicately referred to as "nervous exhaustion". However Ireland's *Sunday World* paper was probably closer to the mark when they referred to it as "a prolonged drinking session in Dublin". The whole band had flown to Dublin to catch a concert by **Hothouse Flowers** and **Tracy Chapman,** and had spent the entire weekend celebrating.

McGowan stayed in hospital for four days and then flew back to London to rejoin the rest of the band in the studios where they're working on their Christmas-due LP.

• **Marc Almond** set to go back on tour in the UK for the first time in two years.

• The **EAT** telethon raised $30,000, bringing the total raised to $¼ million. More monies can be sent to PO Box 500, Double Bay, NSW 2028.

• Congrats to hotshot guitarist **Tonny Emmanuel** who won no less than 6 categories at the Bicentennial Music Awards.

• **Henry Maas** of Melbourne's incredibly hip **Bachelors From Prague** still hasn't got over it: the other day, he was actually stopped on the street and asked for his autograph. See what appearing on *Hey Hey It's Saturday* does for you . . .

• Four members of the original **Santana — Carlos, Gregg Rollie, Chepito Areas** and **Michael Shrieve** — have regrouped for a tour promoting a triple LP *Viva Santana.*

• **George Benson** plays the role of ace jazz guitarist **Wes Montgomery** in the movie of his life *Boss Guitar*, which starts shooting in January.

• As predicted some months ago, it was officially confirmed last week: **Liza Minelli** will be recording tracks with **Pet Shop Boys.**

• Sydney experimentalists **Severed Heads** unveiled a new show when they made their first hometown appearance in seven months at the Jamieson Street nightclub supporting British avant garde singer **Diamanda Galas** who performed in Sydney as part of the New Directions Festival. Severed Heads have lots to smile about these days: their "Greater Reward" single has just gone Top 30 in the American Dance Charts while a remixed version of "Jetlag" (remixed by UK outfit **400 Blows**) has been snapped up for inclusion on the British *Funky Alternatives* compilation. Does this mean Severed Heads will get a look-in by the Oz dance scene, which has cold-shouldered them so far?

• **The Hippos' Les Karski** has just produced the debut single for Sydney dance band **98 Degrees.**

• Melbourne's **Wet Ones** are back with a new guitarist **Martin Lewis** (ex **Jam Jah**) as **Rosie** still has problems with RSI. The band has just issued their *Crack Up* LP, with a lead-off single "I Saw This Boy (I Liked His Head)" which was written for them by **Simon Grounds** of **Shower Scene From Psycho** and is a pastiche of the '60s girlie **Shangri La** sound.

• **James Reyne** currently touring through the States, opening for **Robert Palmer.**

• **Bros** expect to make $1.5 million from their Oz tour.

• **Cocteau Twins** such nice people they allow their closest friends to use their new London studio for free.

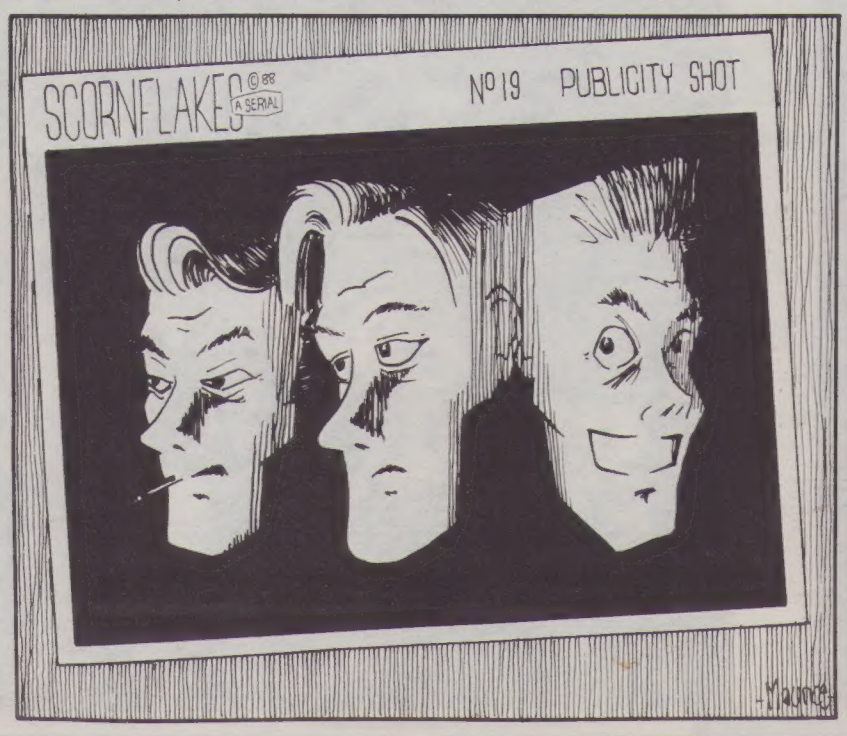
• Ahhh the power of TV ads. Last year in England, ad companies using '60s songs as accompaniment to jeans/shampoo ads etc brought forgotten old blues guts like **Percy Sledge** and **Ben E. King** back to attention.

Right now **Armando Hurley** is in the charts with "Duke Of Earl" after it was used by a shampoo maker, and the **Masters Apprentices** (three of 'em anyway) have re-recorded "It's Because I Love You" after their early '70s song was used by Lee Jeans in its latest promo campaign, and look like hitting the live circuit again.

In the English charts, the **Hollies** and **Bill Medley** are fighting it out over "He Ain't Heavy He's My Brother". The Medley version was used in *Rambo III* while the Hollies rendition (which was a hit for them in 22 countries in 1969) is being used in an ad for Miller Lite beer.

The song was written in 1969 by two American writers **Bobby Scott** and **Bob Russell,** for Bill Medley, who turned it down. Apparently **Joe Cocker** recorded it first but did nothing with it. That year, the Hollies' **Tony Hicks** (at the time, the Manchester band were consistent chart makers) visited a British publisher looking for songs. The publisher played him the most recent pop songs on his file but skipped past "heavy" saying it was not suitable for them. But Hicks insisted and immediately recognised its hit potential.

Incidentally, they brought in an unknown piano player to play on the record. His name? **Elton John.**



I DONT BELIEVE IT!
I JUST DONT BELIEVE IT!
YOU SMILED!
YOU BLOODY SMILED.
WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE A SERIOUS BAND.
I WAS HAPPY...!?
GEEZ YOURE A WANKER!

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EUROPE IN NOVEMBER

Swedish rockers Europe are joining the mass tour exodus to Australia and will be playing dates here in November.

The band best known for their hits "The Final Countdown" and "Carrie" have been living in the Bahamas as tax exiles for the past 18 months, leaving for London only when it became necessary to start work on their next LP, which is called *Out Of This World* and was relesed here a fortnight ago. The first single to be lifted from the LP is called "Superstitious".

Blonde heart-throb-frontman, Joey Tempest recently spoke out against those people who have written the band off as a pretty-boy wimp act:

"Sometimes the press has come down on us for the way I look", he said. "I'm aware that the harder factions laugh at us: sometimes it can be infuriating when they refuse to take us seriously. I hope that attitude will change with the new album.

"We've been away for a long time. I know that people will wonder whether or not we can do it. We have been wondering whether or not we'll be accepted again but we're feeling quite comfortable with it, especially now the LP's out. People have been saying that we could never do another 'Final Countdown'. I know, but I think there's a lot of 'Final Countdowns' on this album . . . 12 of them to be exact!"

Dates so far announced for the Oz leg of Europe's world tour are:

November 19 — Perth Entertainment Centre
November 22 — Melbourne Entertainment Centre
November 26 — Sydney Entertainment Centre.

Dirty Pool pulls the plug

Dirty Pool, one of the most significant rock management agencies in Australia over the last 10 years, has closed down.

Last Friday, its Rushcutter's Bay office was locked for good. Five employees of the company are now looking for work while its three management directors have equally split Dirty Pool's six major acts.

Dirty Pool managed Icehouse, The Angels, Don Walker's Catfish, Do Re Mi, Boom Crash Opera and Johnny Diesel & The Injectors. In the past it managed Australia's most successful live band, Cold Chisel.

Of the three directors, Rod Willis will take Don Walker and Iva Davies' Icehouse; John Woodruffe will handle The Angels and Johnny Diesel & The Injectors (which Angels' drummer Brent Eccles co-manages) and Keith Welsh, former bass guitarist in Icehouse, will manage Do Re Mi and Boom Crash Opera.

Rod Willis told *Juke* last week that all three will work from home.

The decision to dissolve the company was announced to its employees at the weekly staff meeting on Monday September 19.

Willis said one of the reasons the company folded was that its directors were spending too much time running the company and not enough time handling the affairs of the artists it managed.

It is known that certain members of The Angels have been concerned over the last two months that not enough time was being spent on the band's affairs, but Wilis denied this was one of the contributing factors leading to Dirty Pool's closure.

"That has nothing to do with it," Willis told *Juke*. "The announcement came as much as a shock to The Angels as anyone in the industry.

"There will be continuing relationships between all the directors," he added. "We're just changing the stance a little bit.

"I think Dirty Pool achieved what it was formed to do. We made changes in the industry, in respect to contracts and the ways bands were managed in general. We attained what we wanted to attain from the industry. Now it is a time to rationalise the business. We all wanted a change.

• The Angels . . . part of the Dirty Pool split.

"Our decision has shocked the industry to some extent, but that's not a bad thing either. The industry has become boring. It needs a bit of a shock. There doesn't seem to be a lot of change in the industry at the moment.

"We are going out on a high," Willis concluded. "None of us are going away."

Dirty Pool celebrated its 10th anniversary this year.

SCOTT HOWLETT

Singles for jingles

Annoyed by the way pop songs are being turned into ads? The trend is that it's going to continue, and at a much faster rate.

In America, we've now got to the stage where a single is selling products at the same time as it's climbing up the charts.

Ad agencies are more than aware that rock music has successfully sold products to the youth and yuppie market.

Now the ad agencies are becoming more aggressive. They know how some records are launched with a great blaze of publicity, and want to plug into that to get attention for their own goods.

The best example of this was probably Michael Jackson's *Bad* where Pepsi continually held back its extensive TV campaign surrounding the LP, as Jackson delayed the LP's release a number of times.

But the first instance of the tie-in was Elton John's 1984 hit "Sad Songs (Say So Much)". While the single was still in the Top 10, it was being used as an ad for Sasson Jeans.

•Steve Winwood: he wrote a song for Michelob beer which ended up on his *Roll With It* album.

Other companies have used contemporary songs by Phil Collins, Wang Chung, Roger Daltrey, Genesis and Eric Clapton.

It now looks as though Steve Winwood wrote his new hit "Don't You Know What The Night Can Do" for Michelob beer and the included it on his new LP *Roll With It*. Michelob are also sponsoring Winwood's current tour of the States.

Windwood's manager denies the allegation, saying that the writer had written the song for his LP when approached by the company for an appropriate song for their promo campaign.

But critics argue that Winwood certainly was aware of the beer commercials as they used his 1982 track "Talking Back To The Night" for an earlier commercial.

These moves have started arguments, as to whether it's healthy for a writer to pen a song with a jingle in mind. On the other hand, it can be argued that a writer is in the business to sell his songs, whether it to be to a singer to sing or a company to use as an ad.

According to one publisher, most artists are unwilling for their songs to be used this way. The British are more prone to selling their songs to ads than the Americans.

Artists like Bruce Springsteen, John Mellencamp, Chrissie Hynde, John Fogerty and Neil Young have refused to sell their songs.

Young in fact wrote "This Note's For You" attacking singers who let their music be commercialised. He was so enraged when MTV in America refused to play his clip that he sent them a stinging letter, calling them "spineless twerps". MTV's defence is that it does not run clips which mention brand names — although it has played Natalie Cole's "Pink Cadillac", Pebbles' "Mercedes Boy" Dj Jazzy Jeff & The Fresh Prince's "Parents Just Don't Understand" which mentions various brand names.

It's quite obvious that the fans getting enraged are the older ones from the '60s and '70s. The younger fans from the '80s are used to such commercialisation, so they don't get upset. That's why some tracks used by admen become hits (Winwood's) but Robert Plant's "Tall Cool One" (used by Coke) and the "After Midnight" which Eric Clapton specially re-recorded for Michelob beer failed to chart, as angry fans rejected the message.

These artists will deny that they wrote or re-recorded their music for their ads, but they do offer a lot of co-operation to the ad boys to ensure they make a lot more money through their music.

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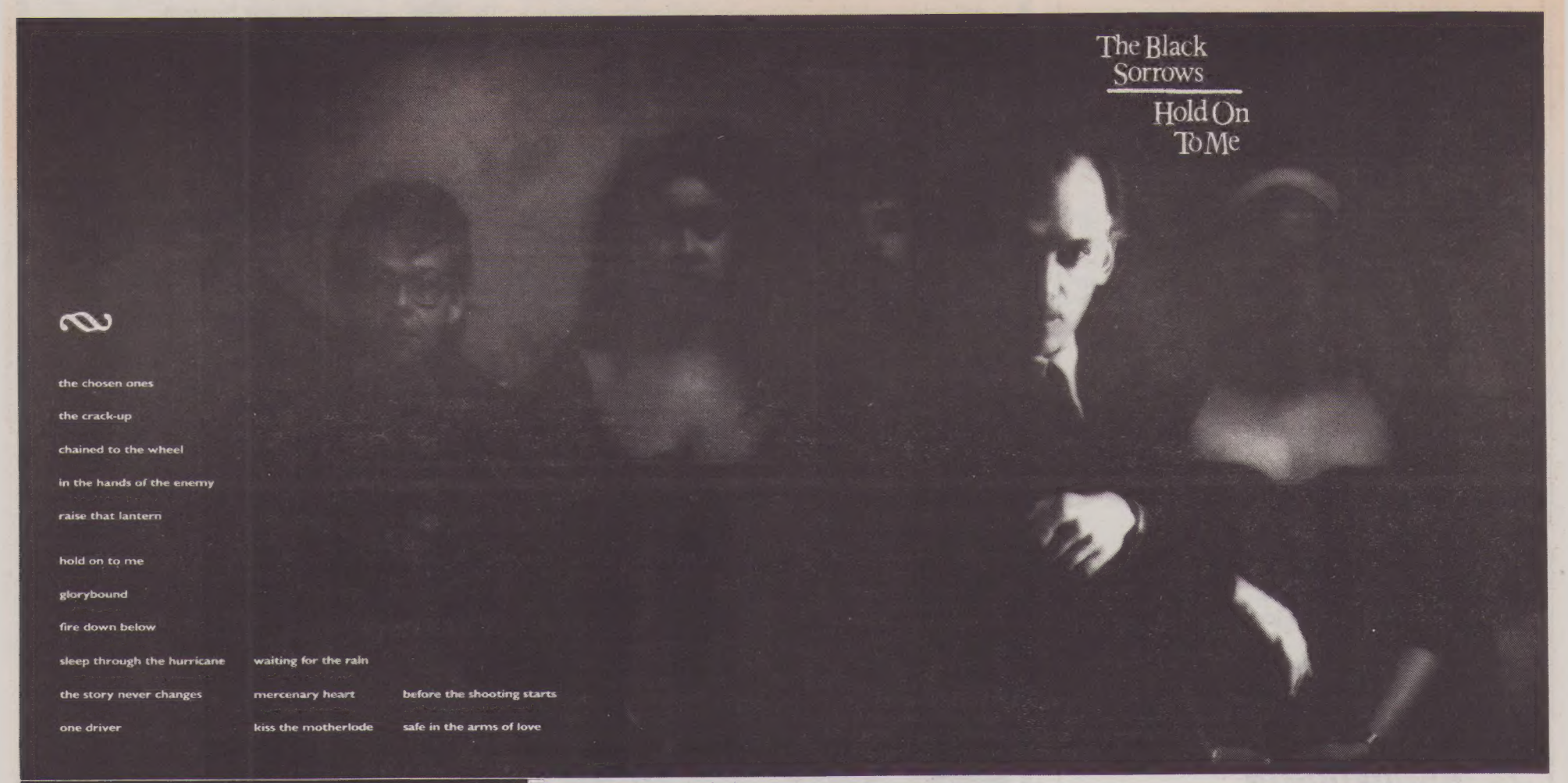

The Black Sorrows
Hold On To Me

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ONE OF THE FINEST ROCK, R&B ALBUMS RELEASED THIS YEAR

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hold on to me
the chosen ones
chained to the wheel

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DEAR CHIL DR3N

CBS

MAN OF CONSTANT SORROW

JOE CAMILLERI profiled by Christie Eliezer and Jayne Dullard

"One of the highlights for me was when I did the Sade tour. She was a lovely person, the whole band were. I did two days' rehearsal and learned the whole set, and apparently they were quite impressed by that.

"For some odd reason, before the Melbourne show, I was really really nervous. I did a sax solo and the audience just went crazy, they clapped and clapped, it was a really nice feeling, and Sade was laughing and saying 'hey, not so much fuss over this guy, he's just the saxplayer, you know!"

And the worst gig ever?

"It was in San Francisco, back in the days of The Falcons, we played a wierd bill with Journey, Cheap Trick, Black Sabbath and Mott The Hoople. We opened the show and had 30 minutes, and I'm still not sure what we were doing there.

"We arrived in 'Frisco at 9.30 in the morning and someone had nicked my guitar. we got to the gig and all these Puerto Rican kids had got drunk and throwing all kinds of stuff, John Power got hit on the nose with a heavy dollar coin. Anyway we banged through the first three songs in double quick time and then I said 'no wonder your parents lost the Vietnam War!' and all hell broke loose . . . "

In this day of computerised music and marketing department 'image' it's kindda nice to run into someone like Joe Camilleri. In the spotlight for years, applauded by some of the biggest names in the world (including Elvis Costello and Sade) and yet he remains so down to earth.

In some circles he's accepted as The Last Word On Cool, the rare artist who can mix mature sophistication, Top 40 success and hip credibility without losing any of them.

Like John Farnham, Joe sees himself as the leader of a tough rock and roll band, and nothing more. He does videos and interviews because they're part of the game, and he never takes himself seriously in either. Camilleri's the one who's given up working out why radio will play one record and not another because to him, they're just as good as each other. In any case, he hates hearing his records on the radio because they're so speeded up.

This is the man who, went playing sax on a Icehouse tour, used to set up a stall outside the theatre to personally sell his home-made solo records! Achievement to him is measured more by the fact the Black Sorrows recently went cold for their first visit to Perth and by the end of the week had by word-of-mouth built up a cheering audience. When he hears this interview's for a front cover story, he ruefully rubs his fingers over his thinning hair and say "what, want an ugly face to counteract all those pretty faces you usually have?"

Two weeks ago Camilleri and the Black Sorrows have issued *Hold On To Me,* another classy LP where once again Camilleri proves he can hold on to audience tastes and still try new things.

It's not that he goes out of his way to try something new, he explains, it's just that the music takes him where it wants to go, not vice-versa.

"That's why for every single I've made, each one is different. It's got nothing to do with me, it's just the feeling of the song. If it's got something about it, I will pursue it, continue with it, to make the song work."

Camilleri's record collection numbers about 5,000 — mostly rare and precious stuff, early Trojan reggae, '40s jazz and R&B, stuff which he says simply move him. They used to occupy one whole room in his house in a Melbourne bayside suburb, but his second son's grown up and needs his own room, so the record collection and musical equipment were banished to a storage room in a nearby recording studio. Buying a CD player and hearing all the great music in such clarity is truly awesome.

Has Joe ever met any of his heroes?

"I'm not the sort of person to get autographs, but there are some people I'd have liked to have talked to. I wish I'd been able to meet Otis Redding, what a great soul singer he was. I'd like to meet jazz guys like Al Jeffreys or Archie Shepp.

"There's always the problem they'll turn out to be assholes. I met Van Morrison when The Falcons played the Montreaux Jazz Festival and he was . . . very, umm, moody.

"But then again I thought Elvis Costello is the guv'nor and it was such a thrill when he started doing 'So Young' on his tour. I mean, the recorded version he did was really crappy because it was nothing more than a demo, but it was the thought that counts!"

Even though The Black Sorrows are now five years old and slowly building up a reputation of their own, Camilleri's career is still duanted by the magic of The Falcons, one of the greatest live bands to emerge in the late '70s.

In a lot of ways, he says, the current Black Sorrows sees him come full circle and is very much what The Falcons would be doing if they were around together now. The Falcons' musicians have gone on to other worlds (Wilbur Wilde with his jazz and TV, John Power with The Hippos etc) but Joe sees a definite similarity between the slide bottle-necked guitars, mandolins, and the two new Polynesian backing singers Linda and Vicka Bull.

Camilleri: "The way I see it, perhaps if the Falcons were alive today they'd play a bit like this."

Obviously Camilleri anguishes over the break-up of his past bands. Take The Falcons for instance: he muses the split could have been postponed, but virtually in the next breath will brood that it should have come earlier. He says that people were "getting sick of the sound" and that he alienated the players by trying to move them away from playing their beloved R&B.

The Cha Band, too, he considers outstayed its welcome, mainly because Joe got talked out of making what was essentially a solo LP into a Cha project, by his record company at the time.

What is Joe's relationship with his bands — do they become part of a family or should a leader keep detached to maintain discipline?

"Oh, no, they become like really close. Obviously you're the stiff who's got to take the shit because you're out there as the band leader, but the sort of people around you help cushion the impact.

"I like a mix of enthusiasm and cynicism, apprentices and veterans. They kind of feed off each other, and manifests itself in some kind of humour, and that's what every band feeds on — the humour."

So it's possible to step sidestage and move up one at the same time too. For instance, *Hold On To Me* has enough changes to the previous *Dear Children* to be by an almost different band, even . . . "There are always elements of the same thing, because I can't escape from my own head. But I think it's incredibly different as well.

"I hate the idea of having to keep doing the same scene. I think that's why I'm writing with Nick Smith, I needed another direction. A person can only write what he can write. You need to rejuvenate or stimulate the themes of what you do.

"So I kindda figure it's important to make different recordings, get a sense of going ahead. If you keep making the same discs, you're just digging a bigger hole."

It's almost refreshing these days to find a musician who's bemused by promotion, image and cool, someone's who's more tortured about the continuing quality of the music and not give a damn about anything else.

After The Falcons, he became a labourer because the "business" side of music left him with a bad taste in his mouth, when friends turned out not to be so loyal after all.

It is possibly that attitude to the darker side of the industry, his aloofness, which has made Joe camilleri the *hip dude* the Australian public perceives him to be.

"I don't know what sort of role I've got in the scene," he muses. "That's the sort of thing you ask other people. I kind of figure that it's reasonably healthy. I don't think that I've done anything people would look down on, I have the integrity of what I do. When I make something, I mean it.

"I've made songs that haven't charted — lots of them — but I always believe in what I'm dling, and I think you can't take that away."

Nor it seems, would Joe Camilleri want to give it away. He doesn't for a mom ent deny he would like a little more widespread success but at the same time impresses as an artist pleased with his set-up.

"I know what it's like to have a little bit of success," he says, "so I imagine if you had a lot of success all you'd have would be some money, but you ain't got no sort of life. You gotta be able to live with what you do.

"I feel sorry for John Farnham. I love what he's done, it's great for him, but to me it's like he's done, it's great for him, but to me it's like he's a mediator and people are just kind of tearing him apart. I don't know if he feels like that, I don't know the cat, if he's handling it that's well and good."

But to Camilleri the extreme edge of fame can sometimes be dangerous.

"You just have to look at all the real big cats that can't go out, can't do anything. I mean, I can go and talk to a whole bunch of stiffs. And I also think people make too much of people doing something. Just because their record's popular, you know? It doesn't mean they've got a f...in' brain. They ain't doin' nothin', just tagging around depending on how young they are, what kind of haircut they've got. I'm not saying they're all f...wits, but it's good to know where you're at."

As to his own track record, Camilleri says he is unsure as to shy he has not achieved more of what he has achieved in part, although obviously The Black Sorrows was going well enough to earn CBS Records directors' attention and finance.

"It makes me wonder," he puzzles. "Am I doing the right thing or should I have a little shoe stand? Is it because I'm so well known people take me for granted or is it that I don't write anything commercial? Maybe it's just that I'm an ugly looking motherf...er. I've gone through them all."

Such as everyone else, the musician goes home at the end of the day and that's when his work and his life face the ultimate judgement — his own. When it comes down to that, is it better to return to the most luxurious five star hotel room and shrug off an assumed persona or go home and maintain the same integrity and ideals people see you to have on stage?

CAMILLERI'S — ACHIEVEMENTS

HIS BANDS

Drollies
King Bees
Adderly Smith Blues Band
Lipp & The Double Decker Brothers
Roger Rocket & The Millionaires
Shark
Pelacco Brothers
Jo Jo Zep & The Falcons
Jo Jo Zep
The Black Sorrows
Little Red Rooster

HIS SESSIONS

Ray Burgess
Cold Chisel
Matchbox
Elke
Stephen Cummings
Graham *Shirley* Strachan
Daddy Cool
Goanna
Tim Finn
Icehouse
Jane Clifton
Guy McDonough
Dave Evans & Thunder Down Under
Paul Kelly & The Coloured Girls
Rob The Bank

HIS PRODUCTIONS

Sports
Paul Kelly & The Dots
Inner Sleeves
Man Friday
Hollowmen

CAMILLERI'S — DISCOGRAPHY

JO JO ZEP & THE FALCONS

Don't Waste It (1977)
Whip It Out (1977)
Loud & Clear (1978)
So Young (1978)
Let's Dip Awhile (1979)
Screaming Targets (1979)
Hats Off Step Lively (1982)
Sounds Of (1983)

JO JO ZEP

Cha (1982)

BLACK SORROWS

Sonola (1984)
Rocking Zydeco (1985)
Place In The World (1986)
Dear Children (1987)
Hold On To Me (1988)

BON JOVI Pt 2

No longer content with producing simple metal pop, BON JOVI's "New Jersey" is an ambitious attempt to broaden their musical horizons.

In the second part of this interview, Jon Bon Jovi and Richie Sambora tell Paul Elliott in New York how they're chasing great SONGS, not big hits.

The making of Bon Jovi's fourth album, *New Jersey*, seems to have exhausted Jon.

In a cool, leather upholstered and wall-mirrored office several stories above a bustling sidewalk of a humid New York City, Jon Bon Jovi is wearily rubbing his eyes. Next to the wide-eyed and animated guitarist Richie Sambora, Jon appears drained.

But if what you give is what you get, the toil put into *New Jersey* will equal the paydirt of 1986's *Slippery When Wet* — the LP that gave Bon Jovi's crawling career a massive multi-platinum shake up.

Toting enough tall, all-American ramalama 45s to reclaim MTV and the singles charts, and enough mini-epics and tearjerkers to have Jon Bon Jovi and Richie Sambora gushing with pride, *New Jersey* is a happy compromise between commercialism and progression.

With *Slippery When Wet*, Bon Jovi found a winning formula. To simply dispense with it now would be unnatural, out of character, reckless and even foolish.

In the words of the song, Bon Jovi have stuck to their guns and have, by accident as much as design, put their mouths where the money is.

Pop metal hack Desmond Child, co-author of *Slippery . . .* hits 'Livin' On A Prayer' and 'You Give Love A Bad Name', has again helped smooth out and buff up three songs — the first single 'Bad Medicine', 'Born To Be My Baby' and 'Blood On Blood'.

Bruce Fairbairn stays on the mixing desk and, as a means of sounding out the band's targeted audience, a group of kids from the neighbourhood around Little Mountain studios in Vancouver were invited in to hear a spread of 20-plus songs and then choose their fvourites.

It's and idea that paid off on *Slippery . . .* when a similar "pizza parlour jury" helped shape that record's huge and unprecedented success.

"This time, explains Jon, "the kids picked a coupla songs, 'Stick To Your Guns' and 'Wild Is The Wind', that wouldn't have been on the record otherwise. I was gonna hold those songs off for the next album."

It was heavily rumoured that *New Jersey* was planned as a doulbe album. Why the change of heart?

"Polygram wouldn't let us," he confesses, a little downtrodden. "They fought me tooth and nail from the minute I said it. I wanted to do a double album . . ."

But even as one of Polygram's biggest-selling acts, there's still a limit on your artistic freedom?

"Absolutely. You still gotta answer to the f...ing king."

Life's a bitch, huh?

"Ha! There wasn't much I could do about it!"

That corporate mechanics still grate on Jon Bon Jovi says much for his character and integrity.

However slick and sure the handling of their business affairs, Bon Jovi aren't just a crude or soulless money-making machine. They still long to be remembered as rock 'n' roll in the classic American tradition, even if *New Jersey*, like its forbears, is less a classic and more just a potential big seller. Unfortunately, their record company appears ignorant of the difference.

By collaborating with Desmond Child, Bon Jovi are chasing great songs as much as they're chasing hits. 'Blood On Blood', for example, isn't built like a single; it's a thundering heart drama redolent of 'Born To Run'-period Springsteen, rippling piano and clattering drums in tow.

In fact, *New Jersey* does betray a tangible Springsteen influence; acknowledged or not . . .

Bon Jovi aren't content with straight metal pop. The breadth and depth first explored on 'Wanted Dead Or Alive' is tested several times on *New Jersey* and Jon and Richie talk through each track with the breezy pride of cigar-wagging new fathers.

" 'Lay Your Hands On Me' is basically the beginning of the show," starts Richie. "It's the only song that was written in the studio."

JON: "People perceive us as this band that's bigger than life and all that kinda thing, and we wanted to say, Hey, things are going well, but you can still touch us! Y'know, I eat, sleep and shit!"

RICHIE: "It's like a welcoming. People don't think we're real people any more or something. That's ludicrous to begin with, so we just wanted to say, Hey, check this out, man — lay your hands on me."

JON: " 'Bad Medicine" is the first single and is probably the most like a song from *Slippery . . .* because of the attitude. It's real tongue in cheek, like the way we wrote 'Social Disease'.

"The lyrics are real funny, I think. It's meant to be fun, nothin' more (Sings) *I got the rock in the mornin', the boogie woogie 'flu . . .* "

" You must have reckoned on that being a hit from the moment you worked out the chorus.

"Oh no! It was written and we just thought it had potential. It's not necessarily the greatest song on the record, but it's the logical first choice for a single. And it's close to the beginning of the first side," he grins, "so we don't get confused!"

With 'Born To Be My Baby', Richie suggested the title, we started fooling around with a chord progression and in a minute we had the chorus done! It fell into place quick.

"People are gonna relate to that one. I guess that's a lot of what the album is do do with — friendship. OK, 'Born To Be My Baby' may be boy and girl, but it's not sexual, it's more about friends.

" 'Living In Sin' is a real personal song, heartfelt. It's as close as this white boy's ever come to soul."

RICHIE: "Ha ha ha! Didn't Prince say we had soul?"

JON: "That's right. Prince said we were the only white boys with the groove! So, that song pretty much speaks its mind."

RICHIE: " 'Blood On Blood' is a true story of friendship."

"I think me 'n' Richie both want people to remember us for this song, for 'Wanted', for that kinda tune," hopes Jon. "There *is* a guy named Danny, there *is* a guy named Bobby, and I'm gonna send 'em a record as soon as I get one.

"I haven't seen 'em in years. We were punks together, got in a lotta trouble when we were young kids. And now, ten years later, I heard Danny's in trouble in LA and Bobby's a lawyer.

" 'Homebound Train' is real live soundin'."

"It's as heavy as we've ever gotten," beams Richie. " 'Lay Your Hands On Me' and 'Homebound Train' both show off my fervour for the heavier side of things. Its a good growth for the band."

Jon: "Wild Is The Wind' was written when we were writing 'Blood On Blood'. We wanted to write a couple of long form songs, something more than three minutes and 20 seconds. Something more structured, with more of a lyrical content.

"So it got a little deeper. It delved into an acoustic intro, that kinda thing. It was our Beatlesque song, influenced mainly by Richie's background.

"Ride Cowboy Ride' is just an intro to 'Stick To Your Guns'. You can take the kid outta the country but you can't take the country outta the kid.

"We're cowboys at heart! It's probably not even the way real cowboys lived, but it's our picture of it, which is more like a Clint Eastwood movie. People might say, Awww, this is 'Wanted, Part 2'. Well, maybe it is, but it's what we are, and what we always were.

"Can we continue to do that? Probably not, because people think it's stagnant."

"Lyrically," adds Richie, "'Stick To Your Guns' is a strong song. If you wanna do something, you have to really bite down hard and do it, man! Don't f . . . around.

"Here it is, stick to your guns, be a man and stand up straight and go to it. It's real positive stuff, and we feel that way."

"There's some pretty neat lyrics in 'Stick To Your Guns'," Jon glows. "*When you spit you better mean it.* I was realy proud to write that lyric. It means so much. When you do something, you f...ing better mean it!"

Richie: "Wanted' was more or less a cowboy song. 'Stick To Your Guns' is more about being a strong person."

Compared to *Slippery . . . New Jersey* is texturally more varied.

Side One ladies on the hot metal and big hooks for three tracks of bravura and spiralling guitar fire, before winding down with the sulky 'Living In Sin' and then galloping off to a climax with the epic 'Blood On Blood'.

Side Two starts and finishes with splashes of showy party metal, kisses off with a cute and surprising little blues shuffle, and stretch-

es out in between with the two "long form" cuts — 'Stick To Your Guns' and 'Wild Is The Wind' — and the ablum's major weepie, 'I'll Be There For You'.

"That's one of my favourites," says Jon. "The lyrics are about loyalty, that kinda bond. It's pretty hip. Loyalty's sorta like a tattoo; it's forever, y'know?

"99º In The Shade' was written for the beach. Top down, radio blastin'. Down on the beach where we didn't get all summer, ha! We missed out on the summer again, so that's our little dream of being there.

"It's very much that Jersey seaside vibe. The seaside, the boardwalk, all the fun, the junk food, the women, the sand. You can't get into the bars cos the bouncers are assholes and all that.

"That's what it's all about down there, and it's a great feeling. At least, it used to be. I haven't been down there in quite a while.

"And 'Love For Sale' winds it up. We decided to put an eleventh song on the album; one, because we wanted to add a little humour, but besides that, we wanted to let people get inside the band a little.

"We didn't want it to be, Well, here's ten songs! We wanted songs that segued into each other, we wanted that drum rhythm at the beginning, wanted 'Ride Cowboy Ride', wanted more, even, than we were able to do.

"Love For Sale' is supposed to be fun, but it's also supposed to let you know what we do when we're not working."

There's a line in that song where you drawl, *"Let's just say that the record's done, OK?"* Was it the last song you recorded?

"No, actually, that's from the demo sessions. We didn't even re-record it in Vancouver. We just figured the spontaneity was worth savin'.

"The quality's not great, but the humour's there. We just sat there and did it in one take. Tico (Torres, drummer) just banged on whatever he could find, and there were only two microphones in the room, so he had to make sure he did it near my face or Richie's.

"That's 'T' doing the real low *Luurrve For Sale* at the end. If he smokes one more cigarette he'll become the tar monster!"

If *New Jersey* flaunts more energy than depth, it's at least Bon Jovi's fullest record to date. There's corn in among the epics, but with a single as sleek, powerful and damn near perfect as *Bad Medicine*, you'd forgive them almost anything.

In spite of its heart and colour, *New Jersey* is easily slated as safe or shallow, but Jon and Richie are working on it.

"We've got unrecorded songs that are real left-field, sure," Jon insists. "Our next album, we hope, is gonna be *Sgt Pepper*"!

"We've got songs that you'd never expect from us, and I wanted 'em on this record. I couldn't do 'em," he admits, "but I'm *gonna* do 'em. There's gonna be a real left-hand turn on the next album, yeah."

"We write from life experience," explains Richie. "We don't bullshit, so the next album will, I'm sure, take us deeper."

"There may be more reflection on the next album," Jon concludes. "It'll go deeper in thought and feeling. But what matters to me now are the lyrics on these new songs. That's about as personal as I can get. I can't tell you any more about myself and still rhyme it!

"I'm not gonna tell you about pollution and the ozone layer and the new President. It's not what I think about every day. We're television, man! There's more substance in *The Cosby Show.*"

His frankness almost smacks of calculated superficiality, but Jon Bon Jovi is no lightweight ham.

While he sweats love and affection into his music, Jon appreciates fully his and Bon Jovi's stereotypical role as easy, quickfire, Technicolour consumer entertainment, filling a slight junk culture gap in a late '80s market geared to a short attention span.

A Bon Jovi song could colour somebody's life, but it can as easily be just another crackle on an FM radio.

"My whole life is in those songs," Jon confesses, "and yet when people are driving in the car they just flick through the channels.

"You turn us on," he smiles, "and you turn us off."

CAT SCRATCH FEVER

Tav Falco on how his band ended up with the fabulous name of PANTHER BURNS

At the turn of the century, on a small plantation in the southern part of the Mississippi delta the forest was being cut down so that the rich soil underneath could be cultivated.

The forest's population — everything from bears to rabbits — thus found itself homeless. One resentful panther started making a nuisance of itself, raiding chicken coops and howling all night.

The sleepless townspeople tried everything from shooting at it to trying to trap it, but without any success. One night they managed to run it into a canefield and then set the whole thing on fire.

The plantation would later be known as Panther Burns.

"We thought that was, umm, a fitting metaphor" explains the band Panther Burns Tav Falco, in a pronounced Southern twang.

"Really, the whole idea of the panther, and the burning plantation, and the whole legend, the cultural debris of the past — the swamps and quagmires of obscurity. We are the ditch-diggers in American music."

Back to the start: the tunes Panther Burns habitually cover stretch back to the '20s and '30s. Falco's conversation is liberally peppered with names like Tommy Johnson, Mack Rice, Rural Burnside and WC Handy who wrote the famous "St Louis Blues".

"He combined in 'St Louis Blues' a country blues feel with another form, which I think is connected to blues but evolved in South America and Argentina, the tango. That song, I guess, is his best known and it's totally irresistible.

"He gave it more sophisticated treatment. He didn't come off sounding like rural blues artists. He took those elements in his own music but he was a conscious artist and developed it."

There are some bizarre choices in there, which make Panther Burns stand out. For every relatively sane "Drifting Heart" there are several which tap into the dark neurosis of the

leads you right away into an enigmatic realm, a realm of strange shadowy ideas, and a whole *noir culture* that we wallow in."

Panther Burns, about to return to Australia for their second tour, are steeped in history. Most of their records and shows are composed of obscure blues classics, the ethos being that as there are so many old songs which no one has heard, why write new ones?

Infused with a wild abandon and a penchant for ephemeral rock'n'roll imagery, Panther Burns — who've functioned out of Memphis since 1979 — are much more than simple good old rock'n'roll. Last year's *The World We Knew* LP and its accompanying single "Drop Your Mask" made it evident that their tactic of making records at Sam Phillips' studio was an invocation of the true spirit of their music.

This year's *Red Devil* (available here on import on New Rose) pronounced one British reviewer to hail Tav "one of the last humans alive to understand rock'n'roll."

Falco is something of a dandy and always immaculately coiffured. He is more polite than any other rock'n'roll maverick I've ever met. He's incredibly talkative, as befit someone who grew up watching Howlin' Wolf, Jerry Lee Lewis and others more obscure. He's certain of his motivation but denies any real sense of mission.

"It's like whenever the heart is weak, it is often supported by a ritual" he explains, quoting an obscure Eastern philosophy (its name further obscured by his drawl). "So we always go back to the music when we need inspiration — back to the content of what we do, and I think that's what keeps it going.

"We do some songs of our own, but by and large, it's material that we have retrieved out of blues or (like "Oh How She Dances") completely loops the psychedelic loop.

"Yeah" he chuckles after a thoughtful pause. "I guess we do go for the, umm, *blues noir* type of selections. And even certain *rockabilly noir,* like 'Doubtful Of Your Love'. There's something not quite settled about that song, the way we do it.

"There were all kinds of cinematic influences, too, that propelled me towards working in a performance sort of way. Like Jean Cocteau, and the whole Orphic vision, the idea of stirring up the dark waters of the unconscious.

"There is a certain imagery there. It gratifies the imagination to clothe yourself in certain things. There's a certain ritual involved in motorcycles and even in rock'n'roll. Kenneth Anger's films made that evident: *Custom Car Commando,* a film about a guy just polishing the chrome engine of a hot rod, with rock'n'roll songs in the background. Real basic, and simple, and static. Pure image."

At the same time, he agrees that some of the more bizarre tunes they explore like "Two Little Puppies (And One Old Shaggy Hound)" is something that few rock and rollers — or anyone working in any kind of style — would consider.

What continually draws you back to it?

"Well, I'm not living in a vacuum, but there's gotta be some reason why white boys from Memphis, Arkansas and New Orleans feel that these songs have some meaning for them and wanna play them.

"It's an emotional gradient that we live on and we explore and need. And we can infuse these songs like somebody might invest a John Marlowe or a Shakespeare play, with life and animation.

WHEN WILL I BE FAMOUS?

You too can look like your fave cool star! REBECCA NELSON shows you how.

In a time of fast changing trends and image conscious bands, nothing is more transient than a hairstyle. An 'image' hairstyle starts with a good haircut and lots of imagination.

You can achieve your own style in a chair at the barbers, sipping coffee in a well known salon or in your own bathroom. Whether you like your hair long, short, wild or slick, WHO CARES! as long as it looks good. Here are some tips to help you get the look you want.

SO YOU WANT TO LOOK FAMOUS??

Looking famous is an easy task. Just about anyone can get the Bros style. All you need is a good haircut and plenty of hair grease. A Bros hairstyle could cost you anything from $10 to $28, and more if you want a colour. A hairdryer, comb, Black Diamond hair grease ($12.95) or Nu Vile hair grease ($17.50) are necessities.

ZIGGY MARLEY

There are two ways to achieve this look; 1. Don't brush your hair! 2. Spend the day at the hairdressers, and have it stuck on!

Dreadlocks can be achieved naturally by letting your har get knotty and matted. This usually takes a couple of brush fee months. If your hair is not dreadlock material, don't despair, you can have a dreadlock perm (approx $150) and/or have extensions super glued to your hair. This process will set you back $400 and upwards, and takes about 8 hours to complete.

CYNDI LAUPER

For this look you could hang your head out of the car window, and hope it makes a difference, or be prepared to spend a few hours in a salon having major surgery on your head!

You could start with bleaching your hair, then add a few stripes in your favourite colours, shave the sides, cut a few chunks of hair out here and there, perhaps an extension or two. Finish it off with a crimper and plenty of sticky gel and hairspray, to keep it all in place. If you want this done in a salon expect to spend about 4 hours in the chair and anything from $100 upwards.

Big Pig

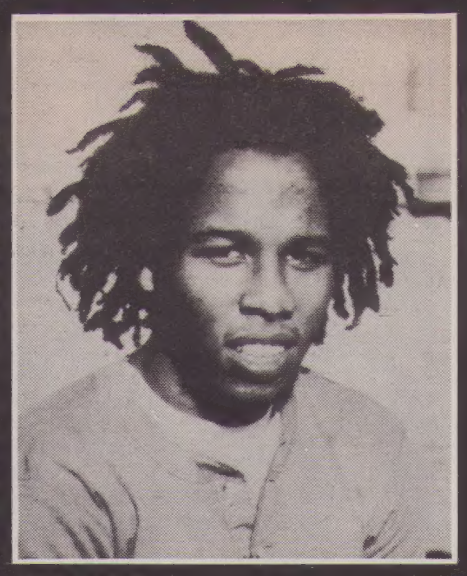
BIG PIG

Sherine's hairstyle is achieved with a good fashion hairstyle and a touch of the all important hair grease (Black and White $22). If you've got dead straight hair, you will need a body wave, cut and a blow wave with gel, to get lift! This would take about 3 hours and could cost around $80.

Oleh's hair is simply clipped short and bleached. A cut and colour like his would be $50 to $80.

INTRODUCING THE HAIRLINE ACCORDING TO TERENCE TRENT D'ARBY

If you are prepared to spend 10-12 hours in the hairdressing salon, and have plenty of money to spend, a hairstyle like D'Arby's is a breeze. It usually takes two sets of hands to get the job done, and costs between $400-$900 for a neat style. If you don't have the time or the money, it is possible to get ¼ of your head done at a time.



Ziggy Marley

Terence Trent D'Arby

Cyndi Lauper

THANKS TO...

Efbee The Hairstylists, 339 Toorak Rd, South Yarra.
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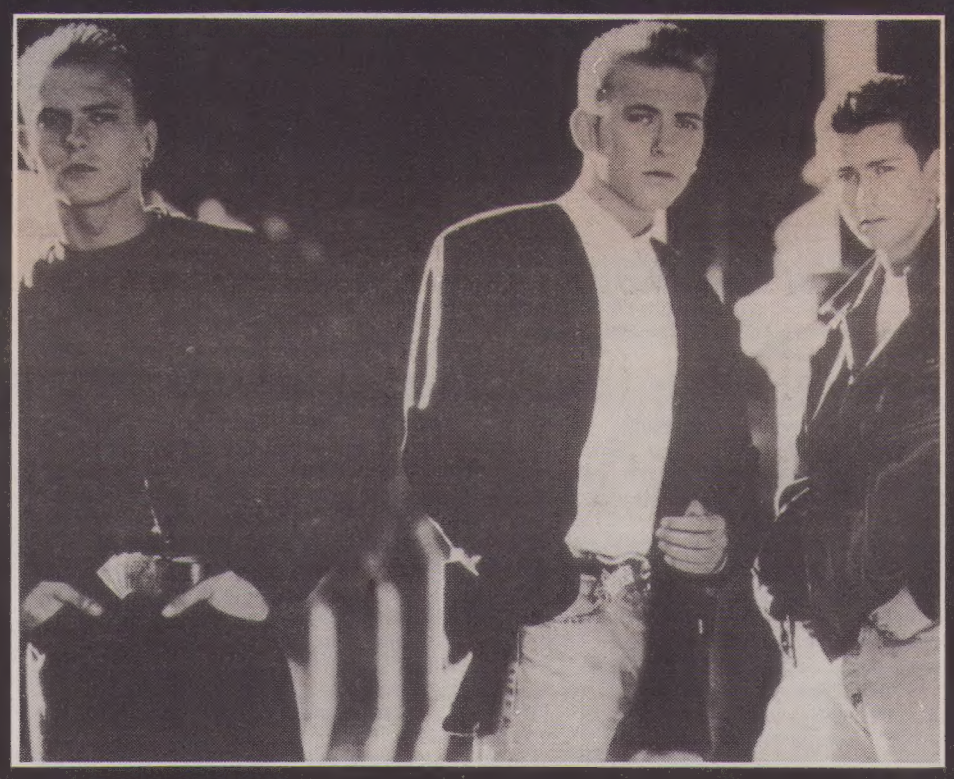

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HUM'S RAP

Susan Ryan in Sydney profiles yet another Oxley family offshoot — THE HUMDINGERS

This year's Australian International Music Show offered parents a new service — diagnostic tests for possible musical talents in their children.

A quick glance through the pedigrees of Australian music indicates there could be a possible Ph.D. in the genetics of musical ability — I can immediately think of the Farris, Finn, Seymour, Hunter and Emmanuel brothers, the sisters Zan and Sherrine, and unlikely cousins the brash Chrissy and demure Little Patty.

And then there's the Oxley clan, whose latest member showing a bent for the stage is Tim, lead vocals, guitar and songwriter for Sydney based band The Humdingers.

Tim's brother Jeremy is a Sunnyboy, sister Melaine sings with Sparklers, brother Damien does Sparklers lights and brother Peter plays bass (as well as managing Humdingers). With a family history like this, you'd almost expect Tim to get in on the act, but having such a family could just as easily put you off a musical career — there's enough competition out there already.

Tim is still in awe of his own songwriting ability, pleased with the material he's written for the Humdingers, but determined he has a long way to go yet, and confident that Humdingers can keep the Oxley reputation flying high. Brother Peter's enthusiasm for the band is telling, and with the benefit of his experience and their own beginnings in city venues, Humdingers have just released their first EP, *Sign In The City*, on Waterfront.

"Five or six years ago when bands like the Sunnyboys, Lipstick Killers, or Sardine were playing, people would go out to see a band and have a good time. Now it's a different crowd — they think if you're playing the Hopetoun (inner city pub, free bands every night) and not on a world tour that you're nothing.

"If you've got a record out and they see you on *Hey Hey It's Saturday Night*, you're instantly their friend . . . that's the downfall for bands starting out."

Talking with Tim and Humdingers' guitarist John Mitting, it's obvious they know what they're up against. The band have been together almost two years, "played heaps for a band that looks like Humdingers", and survived.

The EP is a varied half-dozen songs which should build audiences locally, and get their sound recognized further afield as it closely captures their live energy. Their first single, the self-financed "A Little Love On The Side", reached No 3 on the Sydney indie charts, and top ten in the Melbourne and Brisbane charts. Aside from their own small pub gigs, they've supported bands like Spys, Ed Keupper, and yes — Sparklers. After the enthusiastic response to the single both band and Waterfront agreed they should put out something more substantial, as interstate "people won't listen after just a single".

Big brother Peter has managed the band from their earliest days, and was the obvious producer for the EP. Working with his brother and with Sparklers is easy for Tim, "we treat each other as humans, like Joe Blow, like best friends. Peter's one of my best friends, though he's the manager and my big brother and the Malcolm McLaren of the Humdingers."

Along with The Clash, a major early inspiration to rock and roll, Tim recalls seeing The Sunnyboys perform when he was about fourteen, and that made a lasting impression. He played drums in a band that quickly folded, and it wasn't until Humdingers first gig that brother Peter was aware Tim could sing and write songs.

"It was at the Royal Oak in Chippendale, I'd never played guitar before with the band. We played five or six original songs, we didn't have any others. Peter got really pissed and said 'I'm gonna take you to the top?', and I'm going 'oh yeah, alright' . . .We've plodded along from there . . .it's just the management.

"Peter comes to all our gigs, and when he walks in we perform. He gets excited, you never know how the audience is, but it's good to see him walk in and know . . he comes to rehearsals, gives us clues, listens, looks."

"While Peter takes no management fee from the beginning band, they see him as a fifth member to the extent that he gets a fifth of any royalty cheques.

"He likes doing it, is excited about the band, and that helps him sell us as well."

Alan Thorne engineered the proceedings at Trafalgar Studios and the EP took about thirty five hours, spread over several weekend sessions.

"It wasn't quick, we hadn't been in the studio much", but it has a strong, almost live sound with only a few overdubs — thirty five hours makes it sound more impressive in a recording era when established bands can spend weeks or months on as many tracks.

pic by Tony Mott

Even before the EP was officially launched, the band enthusiastically sold six copies at their first gig after it came off the presses, and twenty more at Mambo Graphics, where Tim and John work and many of the early songs were written in a corner "when we were supposed to be working". When Humdingers played live to air on 2JJJ, the factory stopped production to listen.

The live radio spot was more nerve-wracking than playing to a visible audience, but they had a good time and would do it again, the tracks played live and "Big Brutha" from the EP are already getting space on the station, and the appearance obviously helped. How the record fares outside the realms of workmates and regular gig goers response they "should know within a week . . ", straight to the top of the independent charts they hope, "it won't go anywhere else!"

John says the next step is performance, hoping the record sells, and they aim to extend their following from the inner city to the suburbs, and consolidate interstate interest. To their bemusement and delight there has even been reaction in Europe and America, and a trek o/s isn't outside future plans and dreams. We discuss some of the less than fashionable beginnings of bands like INXS, and with a belief in their material and the will to work slowly and steadily, the Humdingers could convince you they too have a destiny outside the cramped inner city pub stages, the battle to get booked to play, and sometimes dubious sound systems. They see beginning and progress as all a matter of attitude, which seems to be another Oxley family trait.

From playing "captive audiences" at Sydney University lunchtime gigs, from being scared to headline and supporting the Sparklers instead, because they were worried noone would turn up to hear Humdingers for themselves, this gutsy band are even looking forward to trying their luck against the "Ecstacy and disco" scene in Melbourne, to challenge clubland at a time when Melbourne bands are increasingly treking to Sydney looking for places to play.

The single has already given them some welcome North and they are keen to return to Queensland as well as trying Melbourne and South Australia on the basis of the bigger record, first with a tour of their own and again as support to Sparklers. The band have warm memories of last New Year's Eve in Byron Bay, on a bill with Sparklers and Do Re Mi and playing to 1000 people, who got dancing to Humdingers as happily as to the more established bands. The travelling also gave them new sights, such as "a tree so full of galahs it was almost all white". As most of Tim's lyrics are from direct observations and you often see your own backyard better through contrast, getting the band moving could be important for inspiration as well as larger acceptance.

"Songwriting isn't a problem, Tim's got wads of them! And they're all not bad either . . . I'm not saying I'm a really relly good songwriter, that every one of my songs is really good — but I'm really excited about the songs, that I can actually write them; I don't know how, but they come out all right."

With Peter there from the start to give them direction, not much has changed in the studio, just bits cut out and added to make the songs flow. A few extra guitars were worked in, and have now become part of the songs live. The studio work is already influencing their new material, which they feel is better constructed. They have no intention to change their style of direction, content to work just as Tim's songs come out.

The dictionary defines humdinger: noun (slang) Excellent person or thing (origin unknown). The Humdingers are well on the way to being excellent fun live, and doing very nicely on record, and with Tim's origins not quite so unknown and recognized in the musical world, the Humdingers could see that expression given new life — a Humdinger of a time could become a comparative measure for enthusiastic young bands.

ONLY THE LONELY

Jillian Hughes traces how a lonely teenage girl called JULIA FORDHAM ended up making one of the most impressive debut LPs of the year.

Picture the scene. You're 15, growing up quick, feeling rebellious, feel like wanting to go to the eternal 24 hour party.

Unfortunately you live in a small conservative town in the south English coast where girls are meant to be petite and genteel, and where 'fun' is the weekly heavily policed Saturday night dance at the YMCA but which you leave early because the last bus is at 10.30pm!

Life is a d-r-a-g, of course. It helps because you've been writing songs and poetry since you were 13, lots of mysterious lines and images to cover up the lonely thoughts you have. Remember that Neil Young song "The Loner"? Well, that's you, in a nutshell.

That was also Julia Fordham in a nutshell. Six years ago she left for the bright lights of big city London, determined to make her mark in music.

It didn't quite happen as quickly as she hoped. She wore frilly rocks behind Mari Wilson's beehive, only to see its success shortlived as the public zeroed in more on the image than the music. She formed her own group called 5TA, spent the money the record company advanced them, made a record, but broke up just as the LP was released.

Julia Fordham's first LP has been a long time coming, but when it did, people quickly got excited by it. The songs were refreshing and memorable, written from the exhuberant and candid viewpoint of a very open hearted intelligent woman. Her debut single "Happy Ever After" tore up the British charts, with the follow up "Comfort Of Strangers" also proving to be just as successful.

"I went thorugh exteme emotions just as I was finishing that LP" chuckles Fordham, covered in bruises from the video shoot to coincide with her third single. "Everything from 'oh God, this LP is such a disaster, the songs are crap, I'm no good' to 'hey' this is a good piece of music'. They were extreme emotions but I've grown fond of it.

"I think the fact that the press thought is such a good LP has something to do with it, almost all the reviews said it was a very special record. In Europe, it's such a joy to do interviews because they take it very seriously, they analyse each line and thought, and it's very nice to be considered in that light. In England they tend to be a bit more superficial, they seem more concerned if I mind that I might be appealing to a CD generation, as if I care.

"Ultimately I've realised that the record that you do is only as good as you can make it. You can't do better than doing your best, so just be happy with it."

Does she know what her songs are about?

"Yes, I usually have a very rough idea. I know a lot of writers say it all comes out in a rush and very often they don't have a clue what it all means. But I do . . . particularly if you're forever being asked about the songs."

Leonard Cohen once made the observation that the more popular a songwriter becomes, the more lonely he/she becomes, because suddenly they're surrounded by music biz types who're talking Product, not Feelings. Does she feel that way?

"No, I've been very lucky, to be around people who're very good to me and who basically make me quite happy."

Ford's songs are concerned about love given, not received. Julia says she has a problem of not trusting or liking herself enough, so a psychic suggested she use the "healing powers" of a rose quartz crystal. She takes it very seriously. In the last year, she's been single and found success, and she says that's made her blossom as a person.

Her song "Woman Of The Eighties" is very much a tongue in cheek look at the way women have come to grips with the fact they have to be strong and independent, and yet should also show feelings of vulnerability. Who were her role models?

"Women like Chrissie Hynde, Joan Armatrading, Debbie Harry, they were IT for me. I'd watch them on TV, soak in their attitudes, their strength and think "that's the way I want to go'. Annie Lennox too, although her influence didn't come on me until a few years ago, until the Eurythmics started to take off."

Has Mari Wilson been supportive of her success?

"Oh absolutely, we're best chums. She liked the LP, but she wasn't really impressed until she came and saw the live show and she was really chuffed. She did one of my songs when I was with her but really, our styles were too different. But we've remained close all these years."

LOOK AT ME!

Robbie Coates is amused and impressed by the lengths young Melbourne band COLD BLUE HUNGER will go to get attention to their music.

Some people will go to pretty extreme lengths to get what they want.

That's what I was thinking as I glanced over a fax-machine message which landed upon my desk on the fateful afternoon that I finally decided to interview Melbourne's Cold Blue Hunger, who'd been hassling for an interview for the best part of a year.

The short message stated that a limo would pick me up — complete with chauffeur — and take me to a luncheon interview with the band. All I had to do was ring and leave an appropriate pick-up time on the band's answering machine.

I rang back and agreed to do an interview, but insisted that no money be spent on a limo or driver. I figured that any band who'd even think up such a scheme, would have been interesting to talk to anyway.

So the next day, the band's guitarist, who wants to be known simply as T.C. ("surnames are a drag") arrived at the Juke officé on time . . . in a chauffeur outfit! He escorted me outside and into the back seat of a borrowed Ford LTD, while I looked over at his chauffeurs hat and wondered where the hell he'd got all this stuff.

We ended up dining on *Sushi* at an inner-city Japanese restaurant and sipping champagne, whilst the tape-recorder rolled . . .

Why go to such extremes for an interview?

"Because we don't believe that we're a boring band and the only way to get attention, is to do something interesting. The band is loud, lively and interesting and we thought it was a way of attracting enough attention to get an interview and tell people about it. I just showed up at work one morning *(he works at the Melbourne Bureau Of Meteorology, studying the thickness of the Ozone layer — R.C.)* and thought 'I have to get an interview for the new record'. So I sat on the computer and typed it up at work, hoped my boss wasn't looking and faxed it!

"A small band has to try to compete in some way with the bigger bands, who have all sorts of major support and financial backing. We can't afford to do full-page press ads or TV commercials and radio exposure's pretty difficult to get."

This isn't the first time Cold Blue Hunger have gone to unusual measures in an attempt to attract attention. Along with the normal routine of giving away free records and passes to gigs, for the launch of a previous single they placed the record in a box, full of blue streamers and balloons, wrapped it up in blue paper and dropped it off at radio stations around Mebourne.

Another time, they spent hours making grotesque papier mache heads — with slots in the top of them, in which to place the single. "Most of the record shops have still got the head on display, even though all the records have gone," he explains.

"It actually pisses me off a bit, that we have to go to such extremes, because I was a musician first and now I find that I have to do these ridiculous gimmicks . . . but it's the only way. We *can't* get attention any other way. We could be the best musicians in the world and we could sit in a rehearsal room and not do anything for the rest of our lives. You *have* to think about sales and marketing.

"We've been playing for ages, but it doesn't help. It doesn't matter how well you're playing if no-one knows about you. So we've begun to take the business side of things pretty seriously. We've even registered the band as a business and we fill out tax returns and everything!"

The story of Cold Blue Hunger really goes back to the association between core members T.C. and singer/keyboard player Paula (no surname, which is a drag — R.C.) who had the same music teacher in their early teens, who happened to be T.C.'s dad!

"We started playing together in a reception band when she was 16, doing dinner dances and stuff with my dad. We did that for a while and then we thought 'there's gotta be more to life than this'. So we started writing songs and doing the rock and roll bizzo!"

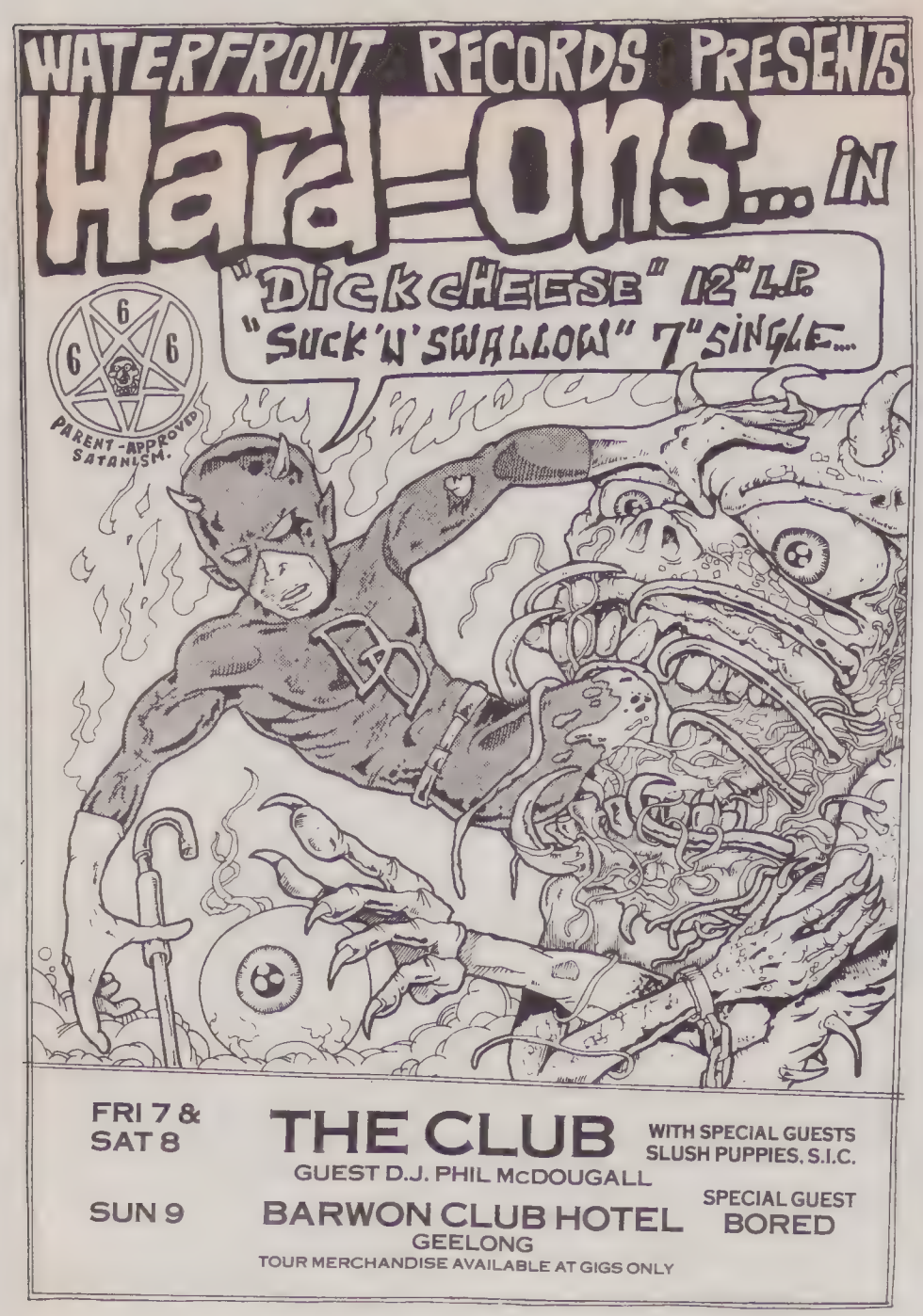
Drummer Rocky also served time in the reception band with the pair, before the three branched out to form an electro pop outfit called Particular Motion, in 1980.

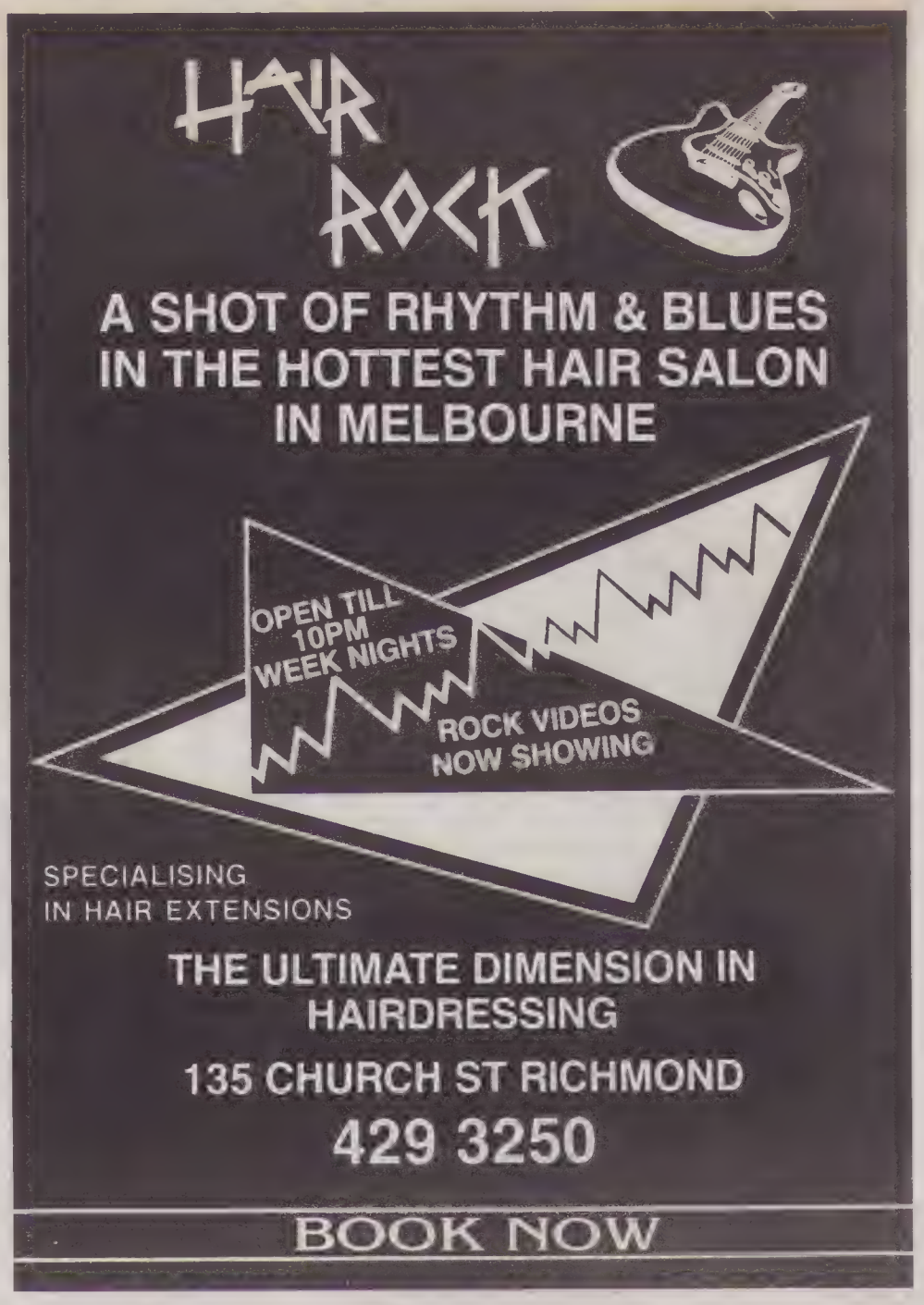
Another synth-pop outfit, The Plastoids, followed but in 1986, seeking a tougher, guitar orientated sound, the three gathered two new members, found new management and changed their name to Cold Blue Hunger.

The band's debut single "Waste Of Time" was released in 1987, which has just been followed-up with a four-track self-titled EP.

The disc was produced by Kaj Dahlstrom at Sing Sing studios in Melbourne, during April this year.

"The recording captures our live sound more closely than anything we've done before. I really admire the pure energy of early Midnight Oil and Divinyls, because you'd go to watch them and there's no way you're gonna fall asleep, 'cos they're just gonna blast your head off . . . not so much with volume, but just in ENERGY. We strive to be like that and there's nothing so satisfying as playing your own songs to a crowd who can feel that energy coming from the stage."





"WE'RE NOT IN THIS FOR A POPULARITY CONTEST!"

Metallica, whose "... And Justice For All" is released in Australia this week, have very definite ideas on how to get their own way. We speak to them during a very hectic stop-over in New York.

Twenty eight floors above the streets of New York, still thriving way into the small hours, Lars Ulrich eyes the television and gives a derisive snort.

His video camera plugged into the hotel room TV. Metallica's diminutive drummer watches his band's performance at the Monsters Of Rock festival earlier that day.

"Sometimes I wonder how we get away with some of the things we do onstage," he laughs. "Like, don't give up the day jobs, guys . . ."

One of the most ambitious touring events ever. the five band Monsters Of Rock travelling circus has inevitably hauled its heavyweight ass into New York city.

For Metallica, second on the bill following openers Kingdom Come and preceding Dokken, The Scorpions and Van Halen, the tour is an invaluable experience; fast-spreading stories of poor ticket sales and cancelled dates are somebody else's problem, and the chance to play to their largest audiences ever, before the release of their new LP, . . . *And Justice For All*, is too good to miss.

Flashing back to the sundrenched, gladiatorial pit of the massive New York Giants football stadium, Kingdom Come plodded through 45 minutes of unpalatable stodge to a largely indifferent crowd more intent on getting drunk, letting off fireworks and throwing anything that came to hand.

As if the gargantuan PA's lethal wattage had been channelled through the myriad row of seats, many of them empty minutes before, close on 70,000 people rose to their feet as Metallica appeared.

All waves and smiles, the band tore into the opening crunch of 'Creeping Death', and dozing sunbathers covered their startled heads as gangs of fans charged towards the flailing mass at the front of the stage.

A deafening roar of approval greeted the one new song played, 'Harvester Of Sorrows' ("You people wanna hear some *new* shit?") and, with the classic, speed mania of 'Whiplash', fans were leaving their seats and dropping over ten-foot walls to join the flesh-and-bone havoc.

This was no captive audience. Even headliners Van Halen would surely admit that Metallica were undoubtedly a major attraction in their own right.

Surrounded by bands immovably rooted in traditional (and, in some cases, positively retrogressive) bump 'n' grind chest-beating rock, Metallica's sleek, mutated metal was the irresistible sound of four lippy youths skilfully trashing a museum full of dusty exhibits.

Their fierce power, warm humour and total lack of pretence was all that some of these circus-goers needed.

But, all too soon, it is Metallica's turn to brave the Monsters Of Rock tour's attendant side-show.

In a large, over-cooled conference room the four members of Metallica, visibly on auto-pilot, are shunted from one table to the next.

With varying degrees of anxiety a selection of international music media awaits them. While Lars and bassist Jason Newsted cope with an Italian magazine, guitarist Kirk Hammet and singer/rhythm guitarist James Hetfield dutifully suffer a French radio station — the progress of all tracked hungrily by those still flapping in the queue.

When you fly to the other side of the world for your five-minute slot, f...-ups can be expensive.

Everyone, band, press or otherwise, looks hassled.

"This is *bullshit*, mutters Lars during a brief moment of calm. "New York is the *wrong* place for this; 800 company f...ers to see, then all *this* to deal with, and you haven't even heard the f...ing album yet . . !"

With a look of weary resignation, he sighs his apologies as he is beckoned away.

James, meanwhile, following a glib and pointless interview, has decided that enough is enough.

A man of few words and much laughter off the stage, on it James Hetfield is a whirlwind of untrammelled, addictive rock 'n' roll *attitude*.

Respected by the fans like a cool, elder brother-cum-ideal imaginary folk hero, his unmistakable guitar style creates a truly fearsome sound, quick-firing chunks of grinding rhythm that can out-do the drums for mechanical accuracy.

Chiefly concerned with death, deceit, isolation and freedom of will, Hetfield's lyrics have developed way beyond the boundaries of 'heavy metal' and despite — or maybe because of — the seriousness of his subject matter, he rarely loses his air of tranquil cheer.

Hetfield is also said to be able to vomit at will, a party trick which he recently demonstrated to Kingdom Come's Lenny Wolf.

Beer can in hand, his tall frame clad in black as usual, James surveys his interrogators with a hint of mischief.

Today he wears *his* answer on his chest, F... Shit Up reads his T-shirt, inlarge white letters, a phrase he is rather fond of.

"Watch me f... *this* shit up!" he announces to no one in particular, as he strolls in front of the TV cameras trained on Jason and his interviewers. James and the rest of the band exit

through a door, leaving nervous laughter, muttered oaths and a few increased blood-pressures in their wake.

Unlike James, Lars is a self-confessed motor-mouth, and talks in a thoroughly scientific manner about his all-consuming passion.

"London, New York and LA, it's always a madhouse," he says, picking up the thread from earlier.

"It's too bad for the kids, because when we go out and play those places we've got to try and do the same, if not better, than all the other gigs.

"But there's so much *shit* going on around you 23 hours a day, it's really hard to focus on why you're there. Which is to f...ing play the music, to do the *best* you can!"

The follow-up to the million-seller *Master Of Puppets* released in early '86, . . . *And Justice For All* is Metallica's fourth LP in eight years, and the first to feature Jason following the death of original bassist Cliff Burton.

With nine songs and a total length of 65 minutes, it will send Metallica sky-high.

"There is some stuff on this album this is musically f...ing *sideways*," splutters Lars.

"When we were listening to *Puppets* during writing, well, it's not as *confident* as it could have been. In places the playing is a little hesitant."

He says this in all seriousness.

Master Of Puppets is hesitant in the way a tower block is hesitant, during that split-second after demolition charges have fired.

"The new songs, the whole thing is a lot sharper. We're a lot more aware of where we should hold back. Cliff's shit was no different from the rest of ours, he was so far out on his own, musically, mentally, whatever. Jason makes everything a little more focused."

Like all Metallica's previous LPs, *Justice* was produced by Fleming Rasmussen, a vital part of the band's music making process.

"It becomes very apparent when we work with other people, like we did the *Garage Days* EP with someone else, that Fleming Rasmussen is *the* guy who produces Metallica albums," says Lars.

"The way we record is so different from, quote, Normal Bands, unquote, most bands would find our methods, ah, very awkward. Fleming has a very quick understanding. And he knows enough about the way we do our shit not to comment on it.

"If I sound arrogant or whatever . . . I try and control it . . . we do something, and everyone picks up on it. In a way it's good for us. We're always so aware and interested in what goes on around us, with what other bands are doing. It's like it keeps us ahead of ourselves.

"But, we never think of that when we're doing our records. When it's time to get your own shit together we completely shut off the outside world. The whole vibe is so inward looking, so self-centred, and that's really healthy for us."

Lars stops, and apologises again in case he sound arrogant.

"The minute you start thinking about *outside*, people's opinions, reactions, the minute you start thinking about *that* shit . . . as far as I'm concerned, then we're in trouble. Then what we end up creating is not instinctive, and that's one of the reasons Metallica functions as well as it does."

Rick Rubin appears, to congratulate Lars. He's the first of many well-wishers that evening.

In the tunnel outside, deep in the guts of the stadium, Van Halen climb out of a van and vanish through a door opposite their dressing room. Ten minutes later they emerge and get back in the van, fans, photographers and an army of highly-preened females all jostling for position.

The van purrs off, turns, and comes back again. It pulls up carefully alongside the band's dressing room door, and Sammy Hagar and company leap to safety.

No one appears to find this manoeuvre excessive.

At 25, Kirk is the old man of Metallica. Recently married, the guitarist sits in his hotel room, thinking hard as he stares out at Manhattan's vertical skyline.

"We're not in this to . . . it's not a popularity contest! It's not getting chicks, whatever, selling a million albums. Doing this tour, playing to people that's what we like. We're doing this to satisfy ourselves first, if anyone else wants to be part of it, fine."

Replacing Dave Mustaine, Kirk joined Metallica before their first LP, *'Kill 'Em All'*, the lyrics of which now cause great hilarity among the band; as for their errant vocalist, Kirk smiles.

"I wasn 't around when James wrote that stuff . . . *No life 'til leather, gonna kick some ass tonight!"*, he laughs, quoting 'Hit The Lights'.

"Nah, James, he has a lot to say. it doesn't really matter what we think, but everything that he has ever sung about I've thought along the same lines. All he has to say makes perfect sense to us.

"James has a knack for not drilling the message into your psyche, the music does that. He writes the lyrics to be interpreted in any way possible. But we're getting better at maintaining that one voice, that solid machine. A huge steamroller, crushing everything.

"It's a cliche, but the best way I can describe it: our four personalities, as musicians, just locked in. some of *Justice* is a bit more challenging, but *all* Metallica albums have been like that on the first listen. When we first heard it we thought, This is weird."

As the only band that doesn't have a current LP, a hit single or one promo video, Kirk sees Metallica as the underdogs of the Monsters tour.

"We're showing people that none of that matters, if you're a good band you can pull it off. Some bands dress to project themselves tons of glittery shit so that the back rows can see them. There are other ways of getting around that, like a sense of humour.

"Some bands on this bill have played exactly the same f...ing show since the beginning, it's so sterile. Music is based on spontaneity, on the spur of the moment, and that is a major part of this band."

YOU KNOW MY NAME

Everyone has their favourite year. 1927 was the height of the Roaring Twenties. But for Garry Frost, guitarist with the Sydney band of the same name, the present and the future are all he's concerned about.

BY BYRON SMITH

JUNE 26, 1927: The Cyclone roller coaster opens at Coney Island, NY with a 100-second ride that takes screaming passengers up and down nine hills and over connecting tilted curves . . . for 25 cents a ride.

Since Sydney's 1927 released their debut single, "That's When I Think Of You," life has become a roller coaster ride of live gigs, interviews, TV appearances and videos.

The Top-5 success of the single has taken *everyone* by surprise. The record company is already scrambling to get the LP out to catch the vibe; punters are wondering where the hell the band's been hiding and the band itself — made-up of mostly young members gathered by a more experienced Garry Frost *(guitarist/songwriter — ex-Moving Pictures)* — is still trying to come to terms with all the fuss.

Singer Eric Weidman has never even played in a band before. He joined the band after Frost saw him on the Red Faces segment of *Hey, Hey, It's Saturday.*

Only days after Weidman had performed his acoustic version of Sting's "Roxanne", Frost was in his car, tapes in hand and zooming his way down to Melbourne to offer the young — and then very dishevelled — singer pole position in his new outfit.

Weidman's decision was initially a difficult one. He'd been quietly scratching a living from odd solo spots at Melbourne clubs and to move to Sydney and join a then unknown band, meant leaving the safety of home and risking his chances of further club work in Melbourne.

It was Frost's songs that did the trick:

"I had decided, about two or three weeks before I saw Eric on *Hey, Hey*, that I wanted to form another band," Frost recalls. "After I saw him on TV, I got straight on the phone and found out where he was. I was in Melbourne less than a week later. It was great, because it turned out that he was a really nice guy too . . . as well as being very talented.

"I think what swayed his decision, was the songs. He seemed pretty impressed with the songs and quite a few of them are on the album. I also think I gave him some semblance that I was together and I don't think he'd ever met anyone in the music industry that knew what they were doing. We also had wonderful management too: Kathy Howard, who's co-managed The Church and Richard Clapton and Sunnyboys and Crowded House and lots of people.

"For the short time he's been in the band, he's doing really well. He's really together, there's no other way to describe it. Nothing seems to really faze him all that much. He wasn't really all that happy about having to move to Sydney, at first, but he's really happy about it now. As he said to me once, it doesn't really matter where you are, as long as you're happy."

Weidman's clean-cut, boyish good looks and strong, emotional voice work well as the focus for 1927. At any one gig, you're likely to find Pretty Young Things squashed against the stage, glassy-eyed and gazing at their newfound local heart-throb. It was clever of Frost to combine, what he calls "youthful enthusiasm" with his 17 years' experience in the biz.

Frost revels in behind-the-scenes preparation and loves playing live, but he prefers the privacy of virtual anonimity. Having a young face up front, certainly helps to relieve the pressure.

"He works well up front and the best thing is that there's no conceitedness about him. Like *he* doesn't think he's good looking. He *honestly* believes that he's not good looking! So he kinda just laughs about all the girls at the front and it gives the whole band a different feel. I've seen a lot of bands with 'pop star' front guys and the girls tend to have a different reaction to someone who's just obviously up there to play music . . . that's his gig, not to look good. He certainly didn't look that good on Red Faces. He looked poor and dishevelled. He's scrubbed up well."

IN 1927: the Australian film industry collapsed, after dominating the world of moving pictures for most of the Twenties. In '27 a Royal Commission sat to answer cries that the local film industry was sinking and needed financial support. The Commission offered no help, concluding that the American and British takeover of the industry was virtually complete. The local industry didn't recover until 1975.

Garry Frost had the foresight to leave Moving Pictures in 1984: at the end of their heyday, but three years before they fianlly conceded defeat.

He had watched, frustrated with the band as his song "What About Me?" travelled up the US charts, only to stop at No. 19 and fall quickly, in line with the collapse of their American label. Having achieved the feat of a simultaneous number one LP and single in Australia (unmatched until Farnham's comeback onslaught of last year) and with the American connection severed, there was nowhere else to go.

He quit the band and started writing for a new project, which four years later came to fruition in a four-piece Sydney act, called 1927. Frost has spent the last two years establishing the line-up; bringing in brother Bill on bass and James Barton on drums, along with writing material which is soon to surface on 1927's debut LP, called *Ish.*

"When I left Moving Pictures, things were going really rough and I just thought 'well what's the point of hanging around?'. There certainly wasn't a single direction in Moving Pictures. I think that it's really important for a band to keep going and to be single-minded . . . but people were taking-off in different directions, both musically and personally."

Frost is quick to define the differences between versatility and lack-of-direction. The LP title of *Ish* would tend to reflect some level of mediocrity and indecision, but Frost insists that it's merely a way of summing up the diverse styles exhibited on the disc.

"Basically there's no really discernable style on the record: we're not a dance band and we're not *any* 'kind' of band actually. We just play nice melodies and good songs, hopefully. The LP's a bit rockISH and a bit balladISH, but there's no indecision about our direction, we know EXACTLY what direction we're taking. The title's designed more for other people . . . like people in the industry who are desperately trying to find a label for us and somewhere to put us."

(LOOK UP THE NUMBER)

IN 1927: "Super Suds" is introduced by Colgate and Co. It's a laundry and dishwashing soap product composed of quick-melting hollow beads, rather than flakes and powder.

"That's When I Think Of You" is the best debut single, released by an Australian band this year. Its unusual structural arrangement, strong melody, thoughtful lyrics and THAT voice, result in a winning combination, which has captured many hearts, not unlike "What About Me?" did in the early Eighties.

Interestingly, both songs find a curious line of mood, somewhere between melancholia and optimism. But that didn't happen by accident . . .

"Basically what happened with 'That's When I Think Of You' is that Eric had the music written, quite roughly and I sat down and started writing lyrics and then we worked on it. We worked on that song for about FOUR MONTHS! That was because we felt like it had to have a really nice structure and it couldn't be too sad and it couldn't be too . . . you know, like . . . *(Frost searches for the right words, before starting again).* It's really hard to make a song just this side of melodramatic, yaknow what I mean! But we spent a lot of time on it. Seriously, we'd spent six hours a day, five days a week working on the structure of that one song, for a long time! Simply because I didn't think a normal song structure would work with it."

MARCH, 1927: The Snyder-Gray murder trial makes world headlines when, in Queens Village, Long Island, housewife, Ruth Snyder and her corset salesman/lover Henry Judd Gray, kill New York magazine art editor Albert Synder, with a sashweight in a suburban sex triangle. A jury convicts the pair and they will die in the electric chair at Sing Sing early the next year.

On the surface, many of 1927's songs appear to deal with personal politics and relationships. But Frost says that there are many other issues within his songs and an underlying anti-war theme:

"I write about what affects me at a particular time. There's a song on the album called "Compulsory Hero" and it's about conscription in the Vietnam era. That came about because I was watching the homecoming night and it really moved me and it made me feel terrified. There's quite a strong anti-war message on this album. They're certainly not love songs. I think . . .well I hope, that none of my songs are sheer love songs. I think there's a stronger message in nearly all of them, if you look a bit harder. I certainly spent a long time trying to improve my songwriting after Moving Pictures. Not that 'What About Me?' wasn't a good song, but I felt like a lot of the stuff I was writing didn't measure up. There's quite a few songs on the album with very social themes. Other things like 'If I Could' may seem like a love song, but I wouldn't call it that at all. It's more about the pain of dependency. Of being involved with someone so deeply that you just feel weak within yourself. it's about that moment in a relationship when you realise you're giving more than you really have to give. It's a really scary time that one!"

SEPTEMBER 14,1927: US dancer, Isadora Duncan is strangled to death in Nice, at age 49 when her long scarf is entangled in a rear wheel of the sports car being demonstrated to her by a car salesman with whom she had become enamored.

Even after Garry Frost had been writing for two years and recorded demo tapes bearing much of the material on the forthcoming LP, there were no record companies interested in signing him.

Eventually, it was only through old friend Charles Fisher (Moving Pictures' producer) that a deal was struck. Fisher heard the tape and loved it so much that he decided to establish his own label to release it. Joining force with Michael McMartin and Hoodoo Guru's Dave Faulkner, Fisher established Trafalgar Records Pty Ltd, to be released through WEA. "That's When I Think Of You" is the first record to be shipped under the worldwide production agreement between Trafalgar and WEA International. It all sounds very technical, but basically serves to highlight the lengths that needed to be taken to get the song to vinyl . . . a song that has now gone Top-5!

"We kinda had to go in the back door. Every other record company had just flat out declined. They weren't into it at all! It's quite interesting now when you run into them!

"I got pretty angry about some of the replies from record companies when we were scouting a deal. They just said there was nothing they were interested in. it was like 'go away and write some good songs' and that's really stunning, because of the six tracks that they heard, five of them are on the album and one of them was 'That's When I Think Of You'.

"Even WEA knocked us back, because they weren't signing anyone at that stage and they remember that. So it's really important to persevere. There's too much tunnel vision about music, you know: 'this-is-the-only-music-that-we-are-interested-in, so-don't-bring-us-anything-else!"

"I think there's a general lack of foresight in the industry, which is a little bit disturbing. I think the music industry is too caught up in itself and can't see into the future . . . especially long-term projects, like nurturing young bands. There's a few people in the industry who do it — that make money and put it back into the future of the business — but there's nowhere near enough. I don't know if it's anyone's fault. it's probably just the fact that people have to keep their jobs . . . but the conservatism scares me.

"You have to do things a certain way. Like I'm sure until 1927, everyone would say "you can't break Melbourne until you've played there 40,000 times. We'd done one LRB support when the single broke. That was it!"

IN 1927: Fossil remains of Pithecanthropus pekinsis (Peking man) dating to between 400,000 and 300,000 B.C. are found at Choukoutien, near Peking, by Canadian anatomist Davidson Black, 42.

When Garry Frost left Moving Pictures in 1984, it was amid a deep depression and disillusionment with the industry. Since playing in his first band, The Harps, in 1972, he'd worked hard to finally emerge in an outfit which, at the time appeared certain to achieve some level of international acclaim.

But as personal, musical and business politics began to take over, the pay dirt of his years of work, began to slip quickly through his fingers. Even after his departure, his disappointment echoed through his songs. "I think that's where the negativity of the songs, that I wrote in that early period, came from. I think I realised that the only way to really create something valuable, is to stop being negative and I became really positive about this whole (1927) project, from the moment I thought that I should form a band with *young* musicians; not the guys I knew, who could all play really well and who'd been around and done it all. I thought that was really important, because I think the Australian industry sucks, in that it doesn't encourage young players- . . . doesn't embrace the talent that's there. I mean Eric's a *very* talented guy and he could just as easily have stayed in cafes for the rest of his life! As I said before, as it was we were knocked back by every record company in the country.

"So we've certainly been kicked in the guts quite a bit. But I think our positive attitude and single-mindedness has paid off to some extent.

"Fortunately, I'm not interested in money and I'm certainly not interested in fame! I much prefer anonimity, so I can wander 'round and look at the world. I make music — as boring and cliched as this may sound — to try to make people happy! I don't think there's any better reason to do it. I certainly try to make myself happy too, by playing music". **What sort of pressures do you feel these days Garry?**

"I don't feel any. I honestly don't. I feel really lucky that we have the management and record company that we have and the guys (in the band) are great too. They understand the duties involved in being in a band. The stuff you don't really like doing. Like interviews! (laughs) No! But phone interviews can be horrible. Sometimes you have to sit there and bite your tongue while you're talking to some wombat in some town somewhere or other, who wouldn't have the first clue about *anything!*

"It can be really hard and there can be a lot of shit, but I don't feel any pressures. I'm really confident about the album. I've never, *ever* been happier with a recorded work before and I'm just ecstatic about the album and I feel confident within myself, you know . . . I'm not too concerned about what other people think of us. I always knew that 'That's When I Think Of You' was gonna be a successful record. I was the only person involved with the band that thought it and it's quite interesting, because as soon as I'd finished writing it, I just turned to Eric and said 'that's gonna go Top 10' and he said 'oh wow! Wouldn't that be great!'.

"I'm really realistic about different things. I don't pretend to know all the answers, but I think the two or three years out of the industry made me able to see things a little bit more clearly".

APRIL 7, 1927: The first US demonstration of television is given in the auditorium of New York's Bell Telephone Laboritories by Walter S. Gifford, who lets a large group of viewers see commerce Secretary, Herbert C. Hoover, in his office in Washington, while hearing his voice over telephone wires. In the same year, Sweden's Volvo motorcar is introduced as a four-cylinder engine, touring car with a top speed of 37 miles per hour.

Despite the poignant references to the *year* 1927, peppered throughout this feature, the story behind the band's name has nothing to do with the year . . . in fact, it's got nothing to do with anything at all!

"It's a terribly boring story", Frost says apologetically. "It was purely a suggestion from our manager. We were having trouble with band names and Kathy suggested '1927'. There was no significance to it at all, when we decided on the name, but we've since discovered that it was a great year. In fact we couldn't have picked a better one! Television was invented and juke-boxes and Volvos — but we won't talk about *them!* But a lot of really good things happened in '27 and I think it was also a really positive year, which fits in well — although we only thought about that later on. It was the height of the roaring Twenties and all that optimism . . . just before the big crash!"

pic by Bob Gamlen

PHILLY-BLUSTER!

Good grief, is there no end to the talents of PHIL COLLINS? His acting abilities in "Buster" are getting rave reviews in England.

Len Brown in London speaks to a musician who did his first acting job in his mid-teens and didn't get to do his first "nude" role until he played a notorious train robber.

Illustration: ROBERT KABBAS

"He's a thorough gentleman, something special. To look at, him an' me are ringers. I can't sing though."
(Buster Edwards on Phill Collins)

Something's wrong. Phil just doesn't look himself today. Sure he's got the moneyed tan, that leader-of-the-Alliance-style blue-and-white striped shirt that highlights the piercing eyes, and the pate that brandishes his familiar sawn-off mohican.

But there's something about his mug that press portraits and film-clips haven't prepared me for.

We sit, head to head, across a table — like a miniature Smith and Jones — he with his smart tie, me with my old New Order *True Faith* T-shirt. I thought he'd be scruffier.

We're here to discuss Phil's role in the film *Buster* — surprisingly not about Buster Gonad and His Unfeasibly Large Testicles but about Buster Edwards, the Great Train Robber. A film that features one of the rarest phenomenons in celluloid history; a decent dramatic performance by a rock star.

COSH THE ACTOR?

We talk, amidst the hoo-ha over the "aborted" Royal Film Premiere of *Buster.* The tabloid storm has just broken: Tory MP Terry Dicks had been wheeled out to say a film he hasn't seen "idolises violent criminals". And the family of Jack Mills — the train driver who suffered head injuries during the robbery and who died seven years later, the family claim, of long-term effects — argue *Buster* "endorses a life of crime".

Meanwhile *The Sun* in London soared to new levels of doublespeak by balancing the news that the Royals were courageously staying away from the "violent" film's premiere with a "sensational exclusive" episode from Reg and Ron Kray's *Our Story.* (Eg: "The jukebox played 'The Sun Ain't Gonna Shine Anymore' — for George Cornell that was certainly true . . . I shot him in the forehead. He fell forward on to the bar. There was some blood on the counter . . . I felt f---ing marvellous.")

Phil's fed up with the Royal Premiere debacle. The publicity will no doubt have loadsa-punters flocking to *Buster* and being outraged by the dreadful lack of violence, but basically he'd got the Royals into the pickle in the first place so he got them out of it, suggesting they stayed away to save them further embarrassment.

"The people who have complained about it," says Phil pensively and warily, "basically it's the principle of the idea they don't go along with. These MPs just think, 'oh Royal Couple to see film about train robbery, ring up so and so and say it's disgusting', none of 'em have bothered to see what the film's like . . .

"When people see the film they'll say 'What the f--- was all that about?' Because it isn't the way they imply it is. I mean, you've seen it, do you think it glorifies violence?"

No, but it doesn't *really* deal with the incident when the train driver got coshed.

"But it's shown, we couldn't not show it, the director was convinced it shouldn't be a violent film but that it had to be shown. When the train draws up, quite clearly you see the arm come down. Next scene you see the driver with his handkerchief and blood, holding his head."

Although we now know there were political reasons for the train robbers' stiff sentences, in the wake of the Profumo politicians 'n' prostitutes scandal, at the time the use of violence on Mills was one of the prosecution's main argument for the Train Robbers' harsh punishment. As Buster Edwards himself has pointed out: "when we was sentenced a lifer was doing seven and a half years, that's for killing children. People talk of the Kray Twins and Richardsons — Charlie Richardson never did nothing to no one who wasn't crooked. He got 25 years and the Train Robbers got 30."

"In the days of the Krays and the Richardsons," continues Phil, "when there was a lot of firearm violence, this crime was deliberately non-violent. We made this point in the film when Bruce says, 'No shooters on this one!' I'm sure it doesn't make the Mills family feel any better, it's a terribel thing to have happened to the guy. I'm sorry for them with all this kerfuffle really, but I think even the robbers thought, at the time, 'f--- we've blown it',

because they had the manpower to just take the money."

In its desire to be non-violent, however, the coshing incident is too low-key, leaving critics to suggest that *Buster* treats the Great Train Robbery "almost like a joke". Perhaps, I suggest to Collins, if the film had dealt with Edwards' painful plastic surgery operations or particularly, with the nine years porridge he did in the Scrubs, it would have made the point that Buster Edwards *paid the price* for the infamous robbery.

"But if there is any kind of message in the film," argues Collins, "and I hate to say it cos it's such a cliche, it's that crime doesn't pay. It basically shows the disintegration of Buster's life, that the good life, the paradise in the sun wasn't enough. He came back, walked into a police station in real life and gave himself up. Went to prison, served his time and now he's got a straight honest job."

There's never been much forgive-and-forget about the British establishment. Even if you pay your dues, the black marks remain with you to the grave. The very idea that Buster Edwards might be a reformed character, 25 years and a prison sentence later, cuts little ice with *Buster's* critics. In contrast Collins — well he would, wouldn't he — reckons Edwards is a decent bloke.

"Yeah, I met him at a Genesis concert at Wembley. Until then all I'd read about him was the fact he didn't like my haircut. Thought I should have had more hair to play the part. He's got a full head of white hair.

"I really liked him. Even Piers Paul Reid, who wrote the book of the robbery, said out of all of them he trusted Buster. Buster was different, a man of his word. We went to the League Cup Final together.

"A lot of people say, 'How can you like him, he's a train robber?' But he's a human being, and I hope by the time you get to the end of the film you really care about what he and June have gone through".

Today, Phil's less suspicious of the *Juke* hack than usual. In the past his organ has, frankly, consistently done the dirty on Mr Collins, merely because legend has it he's been instrumental in the creation of a lot of crap music. Well, crap's a bit strong, let's just say that he's tended to make contented music for contented people whereas *Juke's* always been about anger, outrage, change the world rock riffs, hasn't it?

Still, it seemed unnecessarily personal and cruel for English critics like Julie Burchill to brand Phil "the ugliest man since George Orwell", or Morley to suggest — unconsciously predicting Collins' future robber role — that he looked like a man with a stocking over his head.

Phil can laugh about it now. We're not here to talk Genesis and he's well chuffed with the positive reviews of his performance in *Buster.* Even if the film's controversial subject matter has somewhat dwarfed its artistic merits. But hell, if his cover version of 'Groovy Kind Of Love' wasn't top of the pops it'd be almost hip to celebrate his skills in public. After all, anyone as *Sun*-bashed as Collins has been of late ("20 Blockbuster Facts We've Drummed Up About Film Row Phil") can't be all bad.

TRAINSTOPPERS OF THE WORLD UNITED

Maybe it's the scar (was he glassed by a Greeslade fan in the early '70s?) to the left of his mouth, that's different about Phil; the Bogie mark you don't see in those dodgy soft focus videos. Whatever the difference, it'll come as a shock to students of the Rock-Stars-Make-Turkeys genre of cinema to see Collins' performance as Buster Edwards.

Then again, he's not new to the game — as a hairy, acned youth he walked the boards on London's West End, playing The Artful Dodger in *Oliver.*

"My mum started a theatrical agency from home, and someone wanted a 13 year old blond git who could sing. So I went for the audition and got it."

He went on to do TV plays, film extra work *(A Hard Day's Night* and *Chitty Chitty Bang Bang)* "but never wanted to do it professionally, really I was just waiting to grow up and be in a band. I'd always wanted to be a professional musician and play the drums. I'd never wanted to be those other things like fireman or train driver . . . two"

"The last thing I did was a film called *Calamity The Cow,* a children's thing for Saturday morning pictures. I fell out with the director and decided it was time to get out. Mum and Dad were angry and upset. My Dad had a real job in the city. Insurance. Worked for 40 years doing it and was sort of proud of his son in the West End. Then, suddenly I was going to join a rock 'n' roll band and be raping and pillaging my way across the world!"

Many of us, unkindly, might wish Phil has stuck with *Calamity The Cow* and its offspring; that way we wouldn't have needed Bob Hoskyns, and Genesis might have pegged out when PG hung up his inflatable testes and the lamb kipped on broadway. 'Twas not to be — honesty forces me to admit affection for 'Easy Lover' and 'Doesn't Anybody Stay Together Anymore' but still Collins has admirably avoided being tempted unlike many of his contemporaries, into lucrative dodgy cinema sooner.

The great stench of naffness usually rises whenever popstars turn into thespians; the history of rock in the flicks is a celluloid eyesore. Since the '60s with the possible exception of Madonna in *Desperately Seeking Susan* and Tom Waits as a sodastream of bartenders, creatively bankrupt buggers — like the classically wooden Bowie, the consistently brilliantly — miscast Jagger, the emotional zombie Daltrey — have ponced about in movies as if this acting lark's a doddle. Now everyone's doing it — popstars mean bums-on-seats — from Prince to the Kemps.

Collins held out until last year, when he played Phil The Shill, a cockney spiv in *Miami Vice.*

"Till it came along I wasn't really interested in film. Rock 'n' roll films to me had meant Keith Moon and Ringo acting silly. But I enjoyed *Miama Vice* and when I read *Buster,* and was told Julie Walters was playing Buster's wife, I thought it was something I could pull off".

THE WORLD ISN'T READY FOR MY BUM

The nation's popkids couldn't have handled it. The posterior that, for 15 years, has been on and off the Genesis drum-stool mooning before millions?!!

For the crucial scene in *Buster,* when the villain returns from Mexico to be reunited with wife June and certain captivity, Collins was half expected to flash his rump.

"I said to David the director, it says here in the script *Obviously naked* 'Now what does this mean? Because the world isn't ready for my bum'. He said, 'it will look like you're naked because you're just getting out of bed, you've obviously spent a day of passion with your wife. We may have a bit of Julie's breast but it's not really gonna have that slant'.

"As it got nearer the shooting day, I kept saying "It's not going to be naked, is it?' 'No no no no'. So I turned up in these blue swimming trunks, the briefest things I've got, and the cameraman came up and said, 'They're not blue are they, because I did this film with Charlie Drake once in the bath and he had blue trunks on and that's the one colour the camera always picks up on!"

"Well I said, 'I'm not takin' them off. This is the first romantic scene in my life with someone in bed and 30 people watching'. So they came back with some white underpants stained in tea, almost flesh coloured, but they still didn't look right! By which time me and Julie were romping around having a great time.

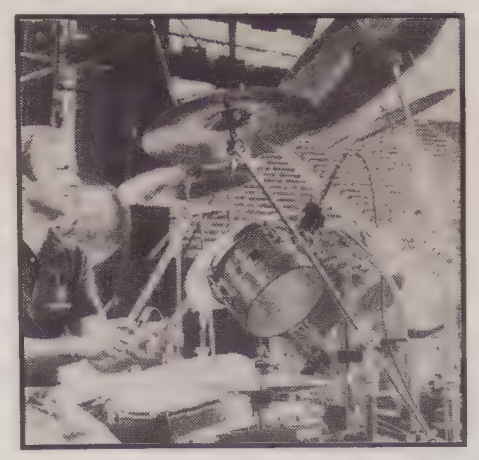
"Then they got these ladies tights, to try and blend it in. I hate them anyway, but these were cut off and slit, so I guess from the back if they've caught anything it'd look like . . . "

CRACKING TRACKS TO ROB TRAINS TO (K-Tel, LP only)

Phil's on his way to *Top Of The Pops.* Number One again, third time. Would've been four if Lennon hadn't got himself shot and kept 'In The Air Tonight' at Number Two for ages. The single, you've guessed it, comes from *Buster — The Soundtrack.*

In the same way that advertisers flog dodgy products through the abuse of classic songs by dead people, it's become distastefully fashionable to use old hits to plug inadequacies in scripts. You might think, looking at *Buster* and hearing Phil crooning 'Groovy . . . ' that the soundtrack's another hit-'em-with-hits package. I certainly did, but Collins begs to differ, pointing out that the music not "up front", brainwashing the boys and girls.

"Well all agreed we didn't want to do it like that. Any incidental period music should



sound as if it's coming out of a radio in the background, so subliminally you get the feel of the thing. I honestly didn't intend to get involved in the music at all. I just wanted it to be a serious acting role."

So it's a bit unfortunate that you've got another Number One?

"Bit unfortunate," he grins, all $45 million of him, "because I decided if people heard my voice before they'd seen me act they wouldn't take the acting seriously. That's why you don't hear it until the end with 'Groovy Kind Of Love', by which time you're either convinced I can do the job of acting or you're disappointed."

Far from being 'Philly Sings The '60s', the soundtrack to *Buster* is a pot-noodle of classics by swinging groovers such as The Searchers, Hollies, Pacemakers, Everlys and Sonny & Cher; all tinny and timely and evocative of Buster and the boys doing the big job. But, given the apocryphal quote, said by a robber once they'd collared the 2.6 million pound in used ten-bob notes and hit the headlines — "We're more famous than Christine Keeler! We're more famous than The Beatles!" — Phil was well frustrated that they couldn't use a Fab Four song.

"It really got up my nose. I thought the film wouldn't be finished until we had a Beatles song. 'All My Loving' would've been perfect, just to have on the radio somewhere. So I rang McCartney and he said, 'No problems, if you have any trouble let me know'. I rang George and Ringo and they said, 'any trouble, let us know'. We rang Yoko Ono in New York, 'no problem'. Then we rang the lawyers. 'No chance! Forget about it! Don't even bother to ask! Lawyers! It really pissed me off, Michael Jackson screwed everything up for everybody . . . "

"Same with the Stones. I asked Bill Wyman if we could use a Stones song and he said, 'You'll have to deal with Allan Klein'. But Klein wrote our producer such an abusive letter, it's incredible . . . Our music budget was big for a British film but it's nothing compared with the States. Our entire music budget probably wasn't enough to buy a Beatles song!"

TO BALDLY GO. . . .

Even the popstars who've had initial success in the movies seem to get carried away with it and make complete dicks of themselves — Madonna in *Who's That Girl* and *Shanghai Surpirse,* Bowie in *The Hunger* and *Labyrinth,* Daltrey in bleedin' everything since *Tommy.*

Will Collins go on to play an android? Dracula? Tarzan? An Irish priest? Genghis Khan? Oscar Wilde in a Ken Russell bioi-pic? Morrissey in *The Life And Times Of The Smiths?* Or is he award of his, er, limitations?

"Oh yeah I've said that myself. I'm not . . . . "

Hamlet?

" . . . Sting! I'm not yer glamorous leading man, I don't think I'd ever be one of yer Harrison Fords or Richard Geres. I'll always be more of a character, that is if I do any more, if I get good scripts . . . "The things I've enjoyed most have been the Dodger, Phil The Shill and Buster . . . "

All pretty similar parts.

"Yeah, but I don't want that to be my limits. Like, there's Woody Allen, who can play a leading man, a comedy romantic and I think that's possible if you're not . . . the perfect specimen . . . "

Had any more offers?

"Well, Michael Caine's had this idea of a film about two sets of brothers. Me and Hoskyns would be one set, and him and Dennis Waterman the other. A black comedy set in the East End."

He rises, off to the bog and then *Top Of The Pops.* And as he rises, I realise what's different about Collins today, what's been troubling me about his much-maligned face value throughout the interview.

Phil Collins is clean shaven! Yes, while the rest of The World is positively bristling with Desperate Dan designer-jowels, Collins the professional stubbly is flaunting himself in public, bald and baby-faced.

"Well, I did this morning. Thought I'd better smarten meself up, what with all this going on. I saw meself on TV last night . . . looked like a bleedin' train robber!"

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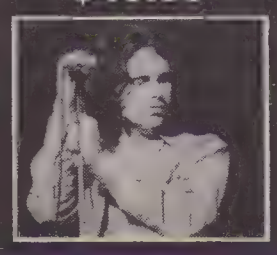
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REVIEWS...REVIEWS.

Nick Cave previewed

NICK CAVE AND THE BAD SEEDS
Tender Prey
(Mute Import)

In 1988 Nick Cave's studied *otherness* echoes across a pop landscape that is blighted by conformity, pretention and naked careerism. Only Shane MacGowan operates out of the same murky hinterland where songs of romantic desolation seem to emerge from a potentially fatal lifestyle.

Whether or not Nick Cave's private life is the *moral* concern of the critic — and I for one think it isn't — his sense of physical and spiritual alienation does drip steadily into his songs, congealing round the same set of repeated themes. The Blues pull on Nick Cave's shirt sleeves right where he wears his sullied soul. Here, unrequited love, religious torment, Biblical guilt and a veiled sense of self loathing all converge on the shoulders of a cast of characters who act as extensions of the singer.

In 'The Mercy Seat' he's a righteous con on Death Row half in love with the quick release of the chair. On 'Watching Alice' he turns voyuerism into a dark comedy with the sort of dry economy Lou Reed once possessed. 'Up Jumped The Devil' is both hilarious and ominous, a cod blues death song that parodies the form whilst indulging in some wanton self-destruction.

I once — round the time of 'The First Born Is Dead' — called Nick Cave a miserablist which, in retrospect, was an injustice. Right now, when I listen to his five solo albums as a co-ordinated body of work, they smell of pitch black irony, perverse melodrama and a very effective sense of artistic obsession. As he has grown, so The Bad Seeds have mutated into an urban swampland blues band, all funeral darkness and rolling, out of kilter sway. They saw and thrash around Cave's non-voice like a mad convergence of Berlin metal and Bayou stomp, Kid Congo Powers playing Keef to Blixa Bargeld's utterly unique primitivism.

And sometimes they cool down. 'Slowly Goes The Night' is Cave out of Bacharach or Webb, complete with lyrical piano and the most restrained playing on the album.

Elsewhere, Cave's penchant for biblical imagery and subject matter is given full rein, particularly on the howl of desperation that cuts through 'Mercy'. Cave finally comes clean and takes on the mantle of a latterday Jesus deserted by his "followers" tempted by "the devil's legion", "faith, his only weapon". As a metaphor for his recent critical crucifixion, the son is spot on resigned world wearly stoicism replacing the initial anger — *"my death, it almost bored me/So often was it told"*.

Whatever you think of Nick Cave, his music, or his lifestyle — he remains one of the few contemporary souls whose work resonates with the need for release that marked out the *otherness* of his influences. Like Hak Williams and Johnny Cash, the young Presley and Iggy Pop, Cave's songs are a vessel for his alienation — you feel there is nothing else he could do but exorcise these demons or go under. With that in mind, the ongoing reincarnation of Saint Nick remains one of contemporary pop's most intriguing rites of passage. Amen to that.

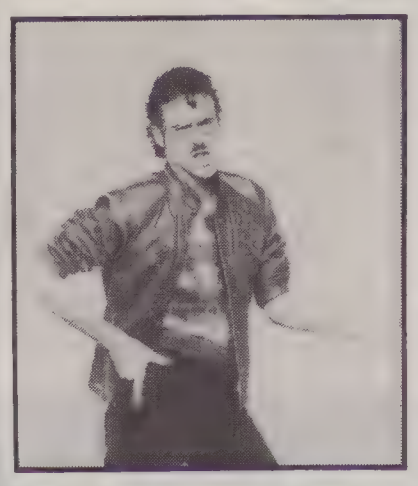
— SEAN O'HAGAN

WEIRD AL YANKOVIC
Even Worse
(WEA)

I can take Al in short doses — like most comedians of light-weight talent, he's best when riding the coat-tails of somebody more famous. This time of course he's done "Bad"; the video was funny for the first three times, if only because he artfully sent up Michael Jackson. MJ himself was so taken up with the way Al sent him up on "Eat It" that he offered to let him use the 'Bad' stage set for his own clip.

There are some comedy acts like the Barron Knights who pull this off with wit and flair. With each passing LP, Weird Al's comedy is becoming tedious. I didn't even crack a smile when he sends up "La Bamba" as "Lasagne", so predictable and second league it was. The only thing with any kind of rib-tickling effect is the George Harrison send-up.

— MARK CROMELIN



LADYSMITH BLACK MAMBAZO
Journey Of Dreams
(WEA)

Paul Simon's *Gracelands* came some years ago, but Ladysmith Black Mambazo are still feeling its effects. After all, it was only through the New York writer's using them on his LP that they gained themselves a worldwide following.

They're still paying their debt and forging further links with Paul. Two of the songs mention him by name, and "Amazing Grace" was arranged and led by him.

This is a typical Mambazo LP, full of intricate vocal exercises without the use of instruments (save for a drum here and there). Mambazo have been condemned for not being outrightedly political yet, underneath their sweetness, there is a lot of stored up anger. "No More Passbook" tells you more about life in black South Africa than a hundred TV documentaries or whitewash by that evil regime's agents.

— SIMON MAYNARD

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Seeds V: Electric
(Virgin/EMI)

English label Cherry Red's series of exposing the lost treasures of pop, art, rock and punk singles between 1977-1984 was thankfully picked up by Virgin and issued in Australia. This final compilation in the series turns its obsessive gaze towards the eccentrics of electrics.

While Numan, Ultravox and Depeche Mode swept their synths to greater fame through chart success both here and overseas, it was left to the alternate radio stations to sing the praises of the lesser known and occasionally more inspired compatriots in the underground. **Thom as Leer, Richard Bone** and **Fad Gadget** typify the climatic quirks of man mating with machine. There's a post-Postcard **Paul Haig** with "Running Away" and **Thomas Dolby** (long before his Prefab Sprout & Foreigner involvement) weighs in with the splendid fantasy of "Europe And The Pirate Twins".

Quite how the jangling **Farmers Boys** qualify is a pleasurable mystery as Stan's beguilingly incompetent guitar playing dominates "More Than A Dream". But no matter, the majority of the acts are willing to play the keyboard game for no commercial gain. The unknowns are just as impressive as the known names: **The Gynaecologists'** "Red Pullover" is sombre pisstake of French cinematic moodiness, with a sympathetic piano aiding the defence of a wrongly accused murderer.

Drum machines and tinny synths predictably irritate, but it isn't all clinical composure. **Virna Lindt's** "Attention Stockholm" is a quite brilliant shrink-package pastiche of '60s spy sagas, with scuttling ivories, blurring images and frantic phone calls. Throw in **The Passage** and **Eyeless In Gaza** and you'll appreciate a fair half a dozen cherishable tracks.

And if the remainder of the compilation isn't exactly essential, the indisputably fine intentions, adorable designs and nonchalant sleevenotes *Classix Noveaux were not very good* makes it a comfortable addition to your record collection.

— SIMON WILLIAMS

PATTI AUSTIN
The Real Me
(WEA)

On a superficial, enjoy-the-scenery level, this album glides as gradefully as a swan on a still pond. Yet if you look 'neath the surface noise, you realise that there is not too much artistic paddling going on. Indeed, imagination-wise, Austin is a lame duck. Hence, on *The Real Me*, a noble attempt at caressing the charms of old-time, torch classics, Austin comes across as a novice in conveying emotion, even if she's vocally well-ranged and satisfactorily smoothed out.

The tender tidings of well-worn romancers such as 'Smoke Gets In Your Eyes', 'Love Letters' and 'How Long Has This Been Going On?' are diverted towards the blessed waters of a Billie Holliday memory. Yet they never quite reach that rare, melancholy filled territory. In Austin's hands, the tunes remain too pretty, too text-book correct. As such they get relegated, like books in a bookcase, into the background.

More entertaining, perhaps because the listener has no pre-conceived notions, are the lesser known, rueful ballads. Midnight warblers such as 'Lazy Afternoon' and 'Someone Is Standing Outside' are understated, lightly percussed, vocal pieces with a long shelf-life and an even finer prognosis in a one-on-one situation.

— ROBERT VELLA

THE DEL-LORDS
Based On A True Story
(Liberation/CBS)

Oh No! It's another American guitar band. These boys start out fast and aggressively. The first three tracks on side one, 'Crawl In Bed', 'Whole Lotta Nothin', 'River Of Justice' all have a pleasantly gritty edge to them. Of special interest is 'River Of Justice' which features Mojo Nixon, grungy country/rock legend, singing the vocal lines as a sermon from the deep south.

The remainder of the first side falls in a hole compared to the opening, but picks up again for the second side which proves far more consistant than the first. From the opening 'Judas Kiss' which could be played on any contemporary radio station, through to 'Poem Of The River', there is a solid feel reflecting current styles of American guitar oriented rock, fortunately (or unfortunately) influenced by FM radio. There are moments throughout this side that show some flaws in the band's character; they could be someone else, Mellencamp or Springsteen perhaps? Even Pat Benatar's gravelly warbling, appropriate as it maybe, is not enough to inject some originality.

— MARTY WILLIAMS

Bon Jovi stretch out

BON JOVI
New Jersey
(PolyGram)

Even from their very first LP, what made Bon Jovi so accessible was they had a vague sense of the differences between pop and heavy rock, a combination of street savvy and flamboyant pop star dreams.

Then came the huge worldwide success of *Slippery When Wet*, and suddenly they were forced to take stock of themselves. OK, the mega-success they strived for had come, now what? How did they really see themselves as a band? Chart makers or something more? Heavy rock or pop? Or both? Was *Slippery When Wet* their ultimate statement, or was there more great music in them?

It's obvious from *New Jersey* they were eager to get back into the studio. After 16 months of playing the same songs every night, you couldn't blame them for wanting to get some new songs down. A band can never be the same after a world tour like theirs: they're tight and firing. At the same time, they're somewhat defensive about their success.

New Jersey reflects a band still running on high octane, from that energy built from the tour. They're still a catchy pop band with hooks like "Born To Be My Baby" and "Bad Medicine", but they also stretch themselves. "Home Bound Train" is one of the LP's highlights, the band jumping on a simple irresistible riff and driving it to the end with some wild playing. "Blood On Blood" is the other high point, building up from sections with Jon delivering his most passionate vocal.

While *New Jersey* will undoubtedly sell by the truckload and find the band back on top of the charts, it's not a *great* album. It's not the sort of album that explodes in your head and makes you go "wow"! Some of the riffs sound a mite ordinary at first few listens, although it could well be they'll sound considerably better with repeated playing. They're so desperate not to make a *Slippery When Wet Pt 2* that they try all kinds of different styles — from the African rhythms of "Lay Your Hands On Me" or the acoustic guitar/harmonica bar-room jam of "Love For Sale" to other dripping with white soul — without realising it doesn't hang together. More so they've clearly come under Bruce Springsteen's spell, both as writers and players. Maybe they tried to make some sort of statement about New Jersey music and the city which created it, and figures The Boss could give them some pointers.

The problem with reviewing an album by a band trying new ideas and going through a "transition" period is that it could take six months or a year for those ideas to settle in. Maybe we, as listeners, will need to forget some of our preconceptions of how we want Bon Jovi to sound. Possibly their next LP will give us a better understanding of what this one was about.

PREVIEW exclusive

However, weekly deadlines are such, and I don't have that luxury. With *New Jersey* I think you've got to give them the credit for not riding on their success and steering away from making another *Slippery*. The LP has two of the best songs they've written, they're playing with great enthusiasm, and they've clearly made a record that will give their fans a clearer idea of what they are as a band.

At the same time, though, you wish they'd had more imagination to pull something more powerful together (let's face it, imagination has not been one of Bon Jovi's greatest strengths), and found a producer who could have helped them define their essence and given them the confidence to try these new styles with more flair.

Basically they should have stuck to their original idea of making *New Jersey* a double album to give us a clearer picture of what they're about.

— SIMON MAYNARD

BLUE OYSTER CULT
Imaginos (CBS)

Blue Oyster Cult go back to their roots on this one — and come up with a brilliant five-star effort. This is the way B.O.C. should be remembered best — fusing dark demoniac horror literature with dark demoniac heavy metal.

Bands have tried and usually failed to convince, of course. Actually this LP was in the pipeline ages ago, and was to be released as a follow-up to *Secret Treaties*. The brainchild of drummer Albert Bouchard and their mentor/producer Sandy Pearlman, the band wanted to create the ultimate Heavy Metal Statement with a concept that combined the literary mysteries of Earth with the electric thud of HM. At the time it was called *The Soft Doctrine Of Imaginos*.

So what happened? Well, in Australia B.O.C. are seen as a menacing underground act. In America and Europe, though, they came up with a killer cut called "Don't Fear The Reaper" which took them into the Top 5. The album around then *Agents Of Fortune* was a collection of tracks more attunded to the hit single, and *The Soft Doctrine Of Imaginos* was quickly shelved as the band were urged to move themselves into the wider audience.

But now, the time is right, and it's almost as if all the jigsaw pieces fell together. *Imaginos* was the LP that Blue Oyster Cult were destined to make when they first got together, their entire justification for existence. They're picking up from *Secret Treaties* with a revised rendition of "Astronomy" from that LP turning up here as the perfect link. Sandy Pearlman's imagination and skills come to the fore, his horror nightmare mind crashing into reality on such tracks as "Magna Of Illusion" or "Subhuman", another track which originally popped up on *Secret Treaties*.

This is B.O.C.'s masterpiece, their assumedly final statement. If they can't follow this up (and it would be humanly impossible to expect them to do so) they should break up.

— PETER WALSH

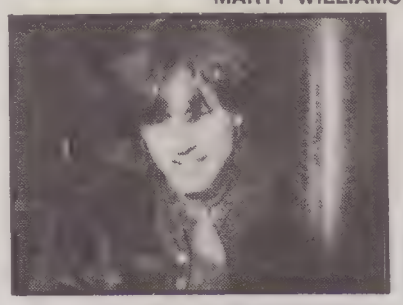
MARTY WILSON-PIPER
She's King
Ryko/Survival

This man basically needs no introduction, but that's the intention of this three track imported sampler disc. It's been made for promotion on the American market of his album 'Art Attack'.

All three tracks are very similar sounding, having a Church-style sound to the guitars, but without the solid driving rhythm and his voice doesn't have the edge of Steve Kilby's. The most interesting song presented here is 'On The Tip Of My Tongue' with breathless vocals and flashing acoustic guitar. The title track is another good example of 60s styled guitar pop.

If you need a fix of Church-like music simplified just a bit, this is worthwhile investigating further.

MARTY WILLIAMS



WIDDERSHINS
Bottle Man's Wife (Waterfront)

From the ashes of the Lighthouse Keepers has risen the Widdershins carrying with them the previous band's most distinctive element, the vocals of Juliet Ward.

The overall sound of this band is that of an evolved Lighthouse Keepers with a strong folk base textured with electric guitar and piano as well as the traditional acoustic guitars. This straightforward line-up combined with guitarist/songwriter Greg Appel's sometimes simple, sometimes artist-wearing-his-cause-on-his-sleeve lyrics, makes for sound which not at all taking, but may be *too* simple. This is highlighted by a line from 'King Ben' . . . *knows the city coast to coast, working for Australia Post'*. That could be viewed as cute or quaint but the self pity of 'I'm not good enough for you' from 'March Of The Green Men' is very wrist-slashy indeed. The second side's 'Railway' changes the mood again, being the most electric song on the EP and having the most pace it's probably the best of the five presented. Second best, as it happens, is the next song; a buffy St Marie cover 'Codeine' recorded live at the very homely Harold Park Hotel in inner urban Sydney. The drive of a live performance has been caught well, but overall the sound is a little thin, perhaps the band was a little ambitious in attempting this.

As a vehicle for Ward's voice this record proves that; this band fulfills this role with consumant ease, however for further development to occur they need to shy away from the hard done by artist syndrome.

— MARTY WILLIAMS

VARIOUS
The Courier — Soundtrack (Virgin)

'Incidental music is the term that used to be applied to movie soundtracks before somebody had the bright idea they were a form of high art and not to be taken lightly.

Declan McManus' work for this movie is certainly worth preserving on vinyl. Straying into concert hall territory, McManus (why do I have this uncontrollable urge to call him Elvis?) evokes subtle shades of atmosphere — 'Last Boat Leaving' with its plaintive flute melody is steeped in sentimentality yet curiously disquieting, while 'Furinal Music', with its solitary cadences or piano, is resonant with grim pleasure.

One of the six new Irish acts featured on side one, only Asian (who perform the title track) appear to have any sense of direction. Some of the others — and the Hothouse Flowers in particular — have hit upon the notion that *passion* is all about hoarse, laboured vocals and gently chugging, threatening guitars. And words that you'd normally find on prayer sheets in a church. I wonder where they got these ideas from? Surely not from U2 . . .

They're here on this LP, of course, offering the single track 'Walk On The Water' which has Bono bleating away like a man with a cactus down his trousers. Depressingly, this is what will help 'shift' more 'units' than any other song on 'The Courier'. Incidental I'm afraid it is. Give generously and make God happy.

DAVID GILES

SINGLES
GUEST EDITED BY STEPHEN WALKER

JERRY HARRISON
Cherokee Chief (Mercury)

Jerry's last non-Heads LP actually sounds better in these single episodes, his semi-spoken vocals into a tale of apocalyptic threat over dense guitar driven funk.

L.A. MIX
Check This Out (Polydor)

Yet another sampled UK house single. The now predictable monotony is lightened by a touch of the Addams family in the mix. Remember a house is only a home when it rains.

BEACH BOYS
Kokomo (Elektra)

Taken from the soundtrack to the movie *Cocktail*, this is less than intoxicating. Possibly the weakest Beach Boy single ever, particularly in comparison to Brian Wilson's recent solo resurgence. Nail them to their surfboards for a watery retirement. Little Richard's 'Tutti Fruitt' on the b side saved this record from a frisbee fate.

SHRIEKBACK
Get Down Tonight (Festival)

First outing from the new stripped-down-commercial-dancefloor-version of this excellent UK group. The Shriekers have produced a large catalogue of quirky compulsive records that have earned them too little success and recognition. This new sound should rectify that injustice. Both sides are sinuous slinky shufflers that should appeal to radio and gain them more fans. What a relief, buying-in doesn't mean selling-out.

CATFISH
The Early Hours (WEA)

Ex CC, Don Walker, chips in with a late night blues-tinged track. Produced by a hot NY name, featuring James Brown's rhythm section and a wailing blues harp, this blackened fish is an unspectacular, but tasty entree to the forthcoming main course LP. Designer blues for the 80s.

MARK OF CAIN
The Lords Of Summer (Phantom)

South Australian trio with chords and vocals reminiscent of Joy Division. A strangely late 70s production and performance style gives this one an unusual anachronistic appeal. Should be interesting live.

DEEP PURPLE
Hush (Polydor)

The reformed group creak their way through a 1988 live version of their 20 year old debut single. Back to your country estates guys.

KNIGHTSHADE
You Don't Need Me (Mushroom)

Antipodean hard rock in the Foreigner mould. Played by the numbers for the numbers. Another Mark Opitz factory line production job. (See Scary Bill)

SCARY BILL
Crossroads (Polydor)

A formula commercial sound on this Australian debut. Echoes of the Psychedelic Furs and that big fat production sound. More snoozy than scary.

SOMELOVES
Know You Now (White)

The stems were prematurely nipped in the bud, but singer/writer Dom Mariani continues his 60s pop fixation with an even better group of players. Mixed by Mitch Easter (REM Let's Active) in the US, this has potential for deserved international success.

WOMACK & WOMACK
(4th & Broadway)

The black brother and sister duo have had an inconsistent career that hasn't demonstrated their obvious abilities often enough. An old fashioned soul groove, performed with taste and restraint. Won't win the Soul Olympics.

BIG STORM
Rubber Love (WEA)

Sydney group's debut powers out with a very commercial, very American sounding power glide, big boogie. Big production sound and aggressive playing ignite a rock'n'radio rocket. 5,4,3,2,1 . . .

SHOOT THE TSAR
Heartbreak Soup (Independent EP)

A commendably ambitious debut 4 track from this new Australian trio. Lots of moody instrumental colouring from horns, vocals and keybord/guitar effects create interesting dynamics and atmosphere. An adventurous and sympathetic production style highlights the ideas and originality. Worth seeking out at independent record shops.

DEACON BLUE
Chocolate girl (CBS)

Another single from the Scottish group's debut LP, *Raintown*. Didn't alter my blood sugar level or bubble my porridge.

VIDEOS...VIDEOS...

The Couch Trip

Starring: Dan Aykroyd, Charles Grodin, Walter Matthau, Donna Dixon
(RCA-Columbia-Hoyts)

The lunatics are taking over the asylum . . . and the airwaves!

Dr George Maitlin (Charles Grodin), prominent Beverly Hills psychiatrist with a waiting room full of needy patients and a radio audience of thousands on his 'Dial-A-Shrink' progam needs a stand-in doctor while he has a nervous breakdown. Years of listening to other people's complaints have taken their toll.

His lawyer, Harvey Michaels, urges Maitlin to take a stress-free holiday in Europe while Michaels scours the country to find a replacement for the over-worked shrink. The call goes out to Dr Lawrence Baird of the Cicero Mental Institute but is answered by the not-too-sane inmate John Burns (Dan Aykroyd).

After escaping from Cicero Institute, Burns assumes the identity of Dr Baird and takes over the practice and radio show of Dr Maitlin. Although his methods raise a few eyebrows, nobody suspects Burns is an imposter except one Donald Becker (Walter Matthau) who is also not dealing with the full deck of cards.

While crusading against cruelty to trees at the airport, where Burns has just arrived, he recognises the yelow striped pants as more institutional than fashionable and becomes a thorn in Burns' side.

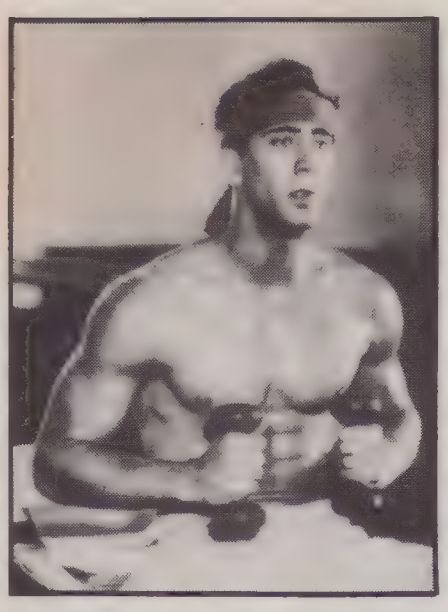
Burns 'on-air' style as Dr Baird is as subtle as a train crash and it's laced with erotic fantasies plus four-letter words that make him an overnight sensation with the audience.

Maitlin's lawyer is consipiring to keep him out of sight on a more permanent basis, the radio station is planning to keep the bold Dr Burns on to bolster its ratings and Burns just wants to go to Mexico with a cool $200,000 'up front' money. Circumstances prevent anyone getting their way as Maitlin meets the real Dr Baird and the penny finally drops.

The Couch Trip lags in places but is still good value for the comedy buffs and a must for Aykroyd fans.

— MARK NICHOLDS

The Boy In Blue



Starring: Nicholas Cage, Christopher Plummer, Cynthia Dale
(CBS-Fox)

Ned Hanlan — The Boy In Blue — is the fastest boy on the water, with a set of oars in his hands.

Involved in moonshining in Canada during prohibition, Ned developed a reputation as a natural rower as he moved the liquor up and down the river, only one step ahead of the police.

It was only a question of time before his talent was discovered, but it was by unsavoury characters who manipulated the races and the racers for financial gain.

Thrown in was the love affair between Ned and the snobby niece of his corrupt sponsor, and the repucussions of a race fix which almost cost Ned his career.

The Boy In Blue focuses on the true story of this determined world champion oarsman who managed to record 200 consecutive wins when rowing was one of the most prestigious sports.

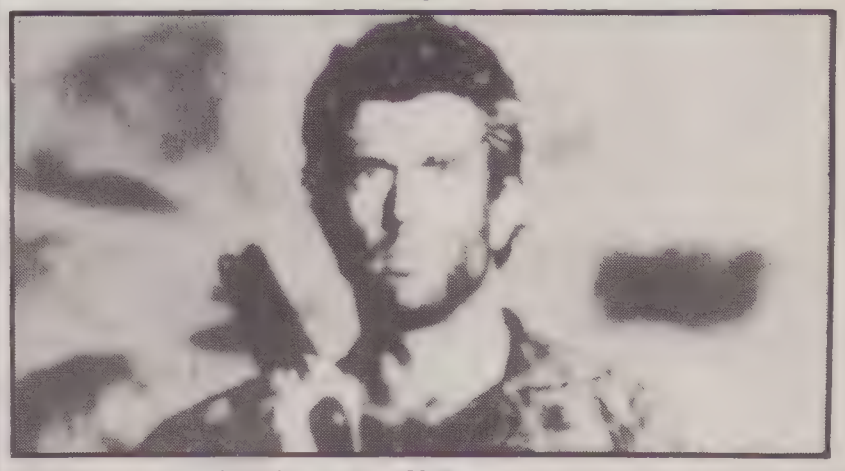
The film starts Nicholas Cage as Ned, now well established as an actor with credentials as *Moonstruck, Raising Arizona* and *Peggy Sue Got Married*. This may not be the most mentally demanding role he's ever attempted, but it would have certainly have been a challenge physically.

This film may sound a poor mans *Rocky* or *Chariots Of Fire* but the unique theme is handled in such a way to make it a captivating film.

— DEBRA NICHOLDS

FILMS...FILMS...FI

Gibson starts on Lethal sequel . . .



American-born Aussie actor Mel Gibson has flown to the U.S. to start work on the long-awaited sequel to his box office hit, *Lethal Weapon.*

The sequel will again team Gibson with Danny Glover, with the two reprising their roles. The script has again been penned by Shane Black.

Lethal Weapon, which was only outgrossed two years ago at the box office by *Crocodile Dundee* and *Top Gun,* gave Gibson's flagging career a mighty boost.

Prior to being cast in the Richard Donner film, Gibson had had several flops in a row, including *Mrs Soffel, The River* and *The Bounty.*

While he's in Los Angeles, Gibson will also add the finishing touches to his last movie *Tequila Sunrise,* in which he stars with Michelle Pfieffer and Kurt Russell.

★ ★ ★

Actors working on *The Return Of The Musketeers* will dedicate the film to the memory of actor Roy Kinnear, who died last week during filming in Madrid.

Kinnear, 54, died after falling from a horse during production in Toledo.

The film's main stars, Michael York, Oliver Reed and Frank Finlay are said to be devastated by the tragedy and want the film to carry a tribute to the late actor.

A former television political satirist, Kinnear's film credits include *A Funny Thing Happened On The Way To The Forum, The Three Musketeers* and *The Knack.*

★ ★ ★

The release of the fourth *Nightmare* film, *Nightmare On Elm Street 4: The Dream Master,* has seen several American cinemas staging *Nightmare*-a-thons.

These involve the back-to-back screening of *Nightmares 1, 2 and 3,* which collectively earned $103 million at the box office, and culminate with a midnight screening of the latest instalment in the trials and tribulations of Freddie Kreuger.

A Nightmare On Elm Street 4 is, at $6 million, the highest budgetted of the *Nightmare* films. It opens in 1700 cinemas simultaneously across the U.S.

★ ★ ★

Aussie actress Rebecca Gibney, seen as Emma Patterson in TVs *The Flying Doctors,* has won a leading role in a new local film to go into production next week.

She will play a dress shop owner who loses her new husband in the thriller, *Jigsaw.*

Rebecca has spent 10 days in Fiji, learning the script and brushing up on her tan.

A former Kiwi, Rebecca arrived in Australia in 1985 and was immediately cast in the ill-fated series, *Zoo Family.* A role in the mini-series *The Great Bookie Robbery* followed, as did a part in the film *I Live With Me Dad.*

After calling off her relationship with actor Terry Bader, star of the ABC's *The Fast Lane,* Rebecca has more recently been romantically linked with MTV's Richard Wilkins.

★ ★ ★

Tom Selleck has been signed to star in Touchstone Pictures' forthcoming action thriller, *Hard Rain.*

Ted Field, Robert W. Cort and Scott Kroopf will produce the film, which is scheduled to start in February next year. The screenplay was written by Larry Brothers.

Selleck most recently starred in Touchstone's comedy, *Three Men And A Baby,* which was 1987's top-grossing film and Touchstone's all-time biggest hit, with box office receipts totalling $167 million.

★ ★ ★

Aussie director **Philippe Mora,** whose credits include *The Return Of Captain Invincible, The Howling 11* and *The Leonski Incident,* is to direct **Christopher Walken** in *Communion,* based on the novel by **Whitley Strieber** . . . Another local director, **Bruce Beresford** *(The Getting Of Wisdom, Breaker Morant, Tender Mercies)* has **Tom Selleck** as the lead in his latest film, *Her Alibi,* which co-stars **Tess Harper** *(Crimes Of The Heart)* . . . Comedian **Steve Martin** will star with **Michael Caine** in a film called *Dirty Rotten Scoundrels,* to be directed by *Muppet* man **Frank Oz** *(Little Shop Of Horrors)* . . .

Martin Sheen's son **Emilio Estevez** stars in a new film about animal smuggling in South America, called *Trip Line* . . . **Debbie Reynolds'** daughter and **Paul Simon's** former wife, **Carrie Fisher** has the female lead in a new comedy called *Burbs,* opposite **Tom Hanks. Corey Feldman** has also been cast . . .

Don Johnson, star of TV's *Miami Vice,* has started work on a new film called *Dead Bang.* It's directed by **John Frankenheimer** *(The Manchurian Candidate, The Iceman Cometh, The Horsemen)* . . . **Jessica Lange** stars in a new film from **Paul Brickman** *(Risky Business),* called *Men Don't Leave.* It's based on the film *La Vie Continue* . . .

WORDS...ROCKWORDS...WORDS...ROC

E	T	N	I	E	P	Q	C	S	U	M	G	Q	L
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E	W	M	F	E	N	A	R	W	A	Y	T	X	E
A	E	E	S	N	I	O	O	N	Y	T	A	A	V
U	E	O	I	S	W	A	N	D	E	U	N	M	H
E	P	F	F	R	O	O	Q	R	J	Q	D	C	X
T	E	I	E	Q	D	R	R	T	V	O	E	I	Z
R	U	D	O	A	E	A	G	O	I	Z	R	U	O
K	N	O	M	Q	G	Y	L	T	L	A	S	W	E
U	U	K	S	P	G	E	V	U	S	A	O	J	E
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Y	I	S	U	N	N	Y	B	O	Y	S	A	G	E

All you need to do is find and circle the words (they can run upwards, backwards, diagonally, etc.) and the first three correct entries received will win a six-month subscription to Juke. NB: Current subscription holders are ineligible.

1. Rick (surname?), former bassist with mega-popular Oz band, Hush, is currently putting together a band which has already created considerably industry interest.

2. Welsh band (name?) will be in Australia for club dates next month.

3. Hoodoo Gurus, complete with new bassist, Rick (surname?) will be playing a one-off date in Japan early next month.

4. Former Nuclear Disarmament Party federal candidate Peter (surname?) is not likely to rejoin the political arena for some time, according to his manager.

5. Paul (surname?) leads the Great Frankie Breakout when he releases his first solo single, 'Get Real' shortly.

6. The new mini-album "Too Young To Despair" by (group?), due to be released here by Christmas, is already arousing interest in America.

7. Angry (surname?) will stand in for John Swan as singer for Party Boys on their current tour.

8. Melbourne's These Future Kings have a new member, (christian name?) McCutchen on viola and vocals.

9. (Name?) has recorded a song for a Tribute To Elvis LP.

10. A scrapbook kept by original Beatles drummer Pete (surname?) was snapped up for $35,000 at a London auction.

Last week's answers:

Benetar
Estefan
Fairground
Farnham
House
Palmer
Think
Timelords
Trick
Yello

F	O	L	Z	O	L	O	B	D	A	O	Q	A	D
W	G	E	F	E	E	D	Z	U	Z	E	J	B	B
A	M	O	F	A	I	R	G	R	O	U	N	D	B
T	A	A	J	A	D	T	E	N	E	L	T	N	O
R	A	E	H	E	E	J	T	A	E	W	R	P	J
E	I	X	U	N	O	O	X	F	B	S	I	A	T
W	U	Q	I	D	R	E	I	E	O	D	C	L	H
R	E	R	T	U	H	A	A	T	P	R	K	M	I
O	O	D	A	E	U	F	F	S	M	O	H	E	N
B	S	N	B	T	S	I	A	E	P	L	G	R	K
S	O	A	K	N	A	U	P	E	S	E	A	V	M
I	E	W	D	U	S	N	O	Y	E	M	B	O	T
A	Y	E	L	L	O	N	E	H	D	I	N	G	E
E	K	A	I	X	D	I	T	B	K	T	O	R	O

ROBERT DE NIRO SPEAKS!

well, sort of . . . PENNY HARDING finds the man reclusive and paranoid about doing interviews while she tries to get an update of his movie doings.

"I don't know what the scandal's about, I don't understand it" Robert de Niro buys into the *The Last Temptation Of Christ)* controversy. "I read a very good article about it which said lots of bad movies are more sacrilegious than *The Last Temptation . . .*

"This was made by someone who cares, that's what scared 'em. If it was made by a tacky film-maker who didn't care and it contained lots of violence, then that'd be OK.

"I think the film is very very good. It's well mounted I have a great deal of respect for it. It's a work of love. I'm happy he did it."

Robert de Niro is slightly biased, of course, because he was originally offered the part of Jesus Christ in the movie by Martin Scorsese. But he turned it down.

I"Originally we spoke about it five years ago, but I wasn't really interested. Martin and I have other things we wanna do together and, of course, he wants me to do movies about subjects I'm not particularly interested in.

"For this one I said 'if you really *want* me to do it I'll do it'. But I don't think he'd want me to do it under those conditions. As a friend I said I would do it if he needed to get it going."

It's something of a twist that De Niro would get himself drawn into one of the biggest showbiz controversies at the moment.

Because De Niro hates interviews and the limelight, and he's ducked the press for four years.

He's obsessed about his privacy. He told *Time* magazine back in 1977 that he hated doing interviews because he'd spend months after explaining just what it had been trying to say in it. But David Puttnam, who produced *The Mission* colourfully compared him to some of those ancient tribes who believed that being photographed was a destructive thing.

Said Puttnam of such tribes "they believe that when you take a photograph of a man you remove something. Bobby feels that about press photographs and interviews."

So some magazines have gone to absurd lengths to secure some sort of De Niro gems.

Last year, an American magazine called *Vanity Fair* put him on the cover . . . but put together the story by talking to his friends and drawing a profile from that! Earlier this year, an enterprising reporter from the West German magazine *Tempo* heard De Niro was to be Jury President of the 15th International Moscow Film Festival, and hence posed as an East German to gain entry.

Once inside, he made a beeline for De Niro but got very little aside from the usual mumbled one-liners.

De Niro is like that in real life. The son of two eccentric New York painters, he grew up in the arty Greenwich Village, learning its simple phrases and street mannerisms.

"It takes years to know Bobby" says Brian de Palma who's directed him in four movies, "because he spends so much time in silence."

The only reason De Niro was breaking his silence was that he was pressurised to promote his latest movie overseas *Midnight Run,* and had to undertake such duties with director Martin Brest and any of the movie's other actors.

Mind you, he made it most clear he was doing it under sufferance. For one thing, there were no direct interviews, just a press conference with Brest and the other actors. He had to undergo such conferences through America and Europe.

At each one of them, he'd behave exactly the way he had at the New York conference at the Plaza Hotel. Medium height, rumpled crew cut, not as stock as you'd imagine and always with a bodyguard by his side, the 45-year old sat at the table alongside Brest and co-star Charles Grodin with a glum look, elbow on table and chin in hand. Questions put to him were met with long pauses and one-word mutterings, accompanied by a lot of handwaving.

"How come I stay so private? I guess it's instinct. It's not a question of being private. It's a question of keeping your life in balance. That's the way I am. One day, if I'm ever writing a book, I'll talk about it."

But out of the conference, one gleaned various facts.

His favorite stars are Montgomery Clift, Spencer Tracy, Marlon Brando, James Dean, Kim Stanley and Geraldine Page.

He expresses a desire to direct one day, although just when that could be and what type of movie he wouldn't be drawn into.

He's midway through a movie in Toronto with Jane Fonda titled *Union Street,* and already has another *Jacknife* in the can.

Is he sick of being taken so seriously all the time?

"Yeah, exactly. It's a bit wearing because there are always many sides to one person. I consider myself to have a good sense of humour . . . sometimes.

"I don't wanna be heavy. But it depends what material comes along. What I've done seems to have had a heavy tone. You try to find humour in it but it has a very strong statement. That's good, and compared to what else you're seeing, you might as well do that . . ."

Charles Grodin, his co-star on *Midnight Run,* says that he had to think long and hard before accepting the movie opposite De Niro. His perfectionist attitude has driven other film-makers and actors to frenzy, and Robert of course believes an actor has to completely live a part.

Quips Grodin "if we were gonna do a movie in which we both play Aztecs, Bobby would go and live with the Aztecs. After three weeks he'd come back and I'd say 'so what were the Aztecs like?' That's the difference between us.

"So, yes, I was concerned. He gains 50 pounds, he loses 50 pounds. If you have a scene on a bus, he's going to drive a bus for five hours. You're worried it's going to be a depressing experience. But I liked working with him. He's a nice sensitive gentleman. His life resembles the kind of spirit he played in *The Godfather.* You think you're going out for light dinner and all of a sudden he's making toasts."

In *Midnight Run,* he plays his first starring role after a succession of cameo appearances — a plumber in *Brazil,* Satan in *Angel Heart* and an ex-slaver in *The Mission.* He turned down the exacting role of the hag-ridden hobo in *Ironweed* to guest as Al Capone in *The Untouchables.*

In this comic road movie, he plays an ex-cop bounty hunter called Jack Walsh who's taking crooked accountant Grodin back to LA from New York. The problem is that Grodin has helped himself to $15 million from his mobster boss' bank account, so consequently it's both the Mafia and the FBI who're hot on their asses.

It's nothing more deeper than a nailbiting sidesplitter, but De Niro undertook some dangerous underworld research.

"We spent time with both bounty hunters and detectives. There's a lot of waiting around and like anything, the dramatic moments are few and far between. We went with a bail bondsman and a bounty hunter and picked up someone who was a drug addict. It was a sad situation.

"We experienced more danger with the police because we were going on drug busts. They go in with sledgehammers, ram the door and break in, people jump out of windows, try and hide drugs and money. We had to wear bullet proof vests and sign papers saying we absolved the police department if we got killed."

While the character's emotions range from "silence" to "rage" it is probably De Niro's most pleasant roles, to date. Was it a relief to play someone normal?

"Who's normal once you get to know them? He might be more normal than Travis Bickle (the mad psychopath from *Taxi Driver*) but . . . to me, to get to know a peson is more interesting, to know the other side of people than those we usually see in public.

"People identify with these other sides. They didn't admit it but they do. But you see these other sides more in novels than in movies."

Alas, De Niro is not about to show that "other" side of himself. In his "interviews" he never lets questions go past the very superficial stage. He's at pains to let any ghosts or skeletons outside his body.

Aside from the upcoming *Jacknife* and *Union Street,* he's also got plans to produce *Stolen Flower,* from Philip Carlo's detective novel about child pornography. Quite a run from the recluse.

"I'm stepping it up, which I don't mind. I don't mind having this kind of pace as long as there's room to do what I feel I can do. It keeps you feeling like you're alive."

• Quotes from his press conferences in New York and Deauville, in France.

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JUKE OZ CHARTS

SINGLES

1	2	**SIMPLY IRRESISTIBLE, Robert Palmer**	**EMI**
2	3	**DOCTORIN' THE TARDIS, Timelords**	**BMG/RCA**
3	1	**PERFECT, Fairground Attraction**	**BMG/RCA**
4	7	**ALL FIRED UP, Pat Benatar**	**Festival**
5	5	**DON'T BE CRUEL, Cheap Trick**	**CBS**
6	—	AS THE DAYS GO BY, Daryl Braithwaite	CBS
7	4	THAT'S WHEN I THINK OF YOU, 1927	WEA
8	10	NEVER TEAR US APART/MOVE ON, INXS	WEA
9	13	OH YEAH, Yello	PolyGram
10	15	DUKE OF EARL, Dukes Of Earlwood	EMI
11	16	ANYTHING FOR YOU, Gloria Estefan	CBS
12	8	AGE OF REASON, John Farnham	BMG/RCA
13	6	PUSH IT, Salt 'n' Pepa	PolyGram
14	9	BETTER BE HOME SOON, Crowded House	EMI
15	14	WILD WORLD, Maxi Priest	Virgin/EMI
16	17	THE TWIST, Fat Boys	PolyGram
17	18	NOTHIN' BUT A GOOD TIME, Poison	Liberation/CBS
18	11	MONKEY, George Michael	CBS
19	12	WANNA BE UP, Chantoozies	Mushroom/Fest
20	21	HOLE IN MY HEART, Cyndi Lauper	CBS
21	23	THEME FROM S-EXPRESS, S-Express	BMG/RCA
22	—	MAKE ME LOSE CONTROL, Eric Carmen	BMG/RCA
23	20	I OWE YOU NOTHING, Bros	CBS
24	19	PERFECT WORLD, Huey Lewis & The News	Festival
25	—	THE PERFECT DAY, Fischer-Z	BMG/RCA

ALBUMS

1	1	**AGE OF REASON, John Farnham**	**BMG/RCA**
2	3	**TEMPLE OF LOW MEN, Crowded House**	**EMI**
3	2	**TOUR OF DUTY II, Soundtrack, Various**	**CBS**
4	—	**'88 THE WINNERS, Various**	**PolyGram**
5	12	**KICK, INXS**	**WEA**
6	4	TRACY CHAPMAN, Tracy Chapman	WEA
7	6	HEAVY NOVA, Robert Palmer	EMI
8	7	PUSH, Bros	CBS
9	8	KYLIE, Kylie Minogue	Mushroom/Fest
10	5	CHANTOOZIES, Chantoozies	Mushroom/Fest
11	13	OPEN UP AND SAY AHH, Poison	Liberation/CBS
12	15	LAP OF LUXURY, Cheap Trick	CBS
13	10	VIDEO HITS, Various	CBS
14	18	APPETITE FOR DESTRUCTION, Guns 'n' Roses	WEA
15	9	BONK, Big Pig	Mushroom/Fest
16	—	THE CREAM OF ERIC CLAPTON, Eric Clapton	PolyGram
17	11	TOUR OF DUTY, Various	CBS
18	16	THE FIRST OF A MILLION KISSES, Fairground Attraction	BMG/RCA
19	19	THE SHOUTING STAGE, Joan Armatrading	Festival
20	—	WIDE AWAKE IN DREAMLAND, Pat Benatar	Festival
21	17	LIVE 1980-1986, Joe Jackson	Festival
22	—	DON'T BE AFRAID OF THE DARK, Robert Cray	PolyGram
23	20	WHISPERING JACK, John Farnham	BMG/RCA
24	—	IRISH HEARTBEAT, Van Morrison/Irish Rovers	PolyGram
25	22	WOW, Bananarama	Liberation/CBS

ALTERNATIVELY

SINGLES

1	**STREETS OF YOUR TOWN, Go Betweens**	**Mushroom**
2	**BIRTHDAY, Sugarcubes**	**Liberation**
3	**APATHY, This Is Serious Mum**	**Elvis**
4	**FEAR, Exploding White Mice**	**Greasy**
5	**WALKING ABOUT, Venom P Stinger**	**Aberrant**
6	DEANNA, Nick Cave	Mute
7	MOTORBIKIN', Johnnys	Mushroom
8	NO, No	Au Go Go
9	SHE'S KING, Marty Wilson Piper	Ryko
10	KNOW YOU NOW, Some Loves	White
11	MERCY SEAT, Nick Cave	Mute
12	TROUBLE FROM PROVIDENCE, Sacred Cowboys	Citadel
13	I THINK I LOVE YOU, Ratcat	Waterfront
14	OWN LITTLE WORLD, Porcelain Bus	Citadel
15	GOOD TO BE GONE, The Wreckery	Citadel
16	THIN RED LINE, Roaring Jack	Mighty Boy
17	INTO THE BEYOND, Grownups	Grownups
18	SURFIN' USA, The Jesus & Marychain	WEA
19	SIXTEEN, The Spliffs	Revolution
20	REPTILE, The Church	Mushroom
21	EVERYTHING, Shrinking Violets	Phantom
22	LORDS OF SUMMER, Mark Of Cain	Phantom
23	WAITIN' FOR THE GREAT LEAP, Billly Bragg	Go Discs
24	LIT BY THE FUSE, Ups & Downs	Mushroom
25	FIESTA, The Pogues	Festival

ALBUMS

1	**16 LOVERS LANE, Go Betweens**	**Festival**
2	**BARBED WIRE KISSES, The Jesus & Marychain**	**WEA**
3	**LIFE'S TOO GOOD, Sugarcubes**	**Liberation**
4	**GROWN UP WRONG, Johnnys**	**Mushroom**
5	**YOUNGBLOOD, VArious**	**Roo Art**
6	KISS MY ART, Painters & Dockers	Doc/White
7	GREAT TRUCKING SONGS, This Is Serious Mum	Elvis
8	RAMONESMANIA, Ramones	WEA
9	TROUBLE FROM PROVIDENCE, Sacred Cowboys	Citadel
10	COPY CATS, Thunders/Palladin	Citadel
11	INSTINCT, Iggy Pop	Festival
12	BRUTE FORCE & IGNORANCE, Exploding White Mice	Greasy
13	RED DEVIL, Panther Burns	Citadel
14	OUT, Happy Hate Me Nots	Waterfront
15	PADDOCK OF LOVE, Lubricated Goat	Black Eye
16	LELATHER DONUT, Various	Black Eye
17	ARE WE STILL HERE, Various	Dominator
18	HARD TO BEAT, Various	Au Go Go
19	CRACK UP, Wet Ones	Polyester
20	COLLECTION, The Wreckery	Rampant
21	GHOST STORIES, Dream Syndicate	Enigma
22	INTO THE VOID, Vicious Circle	Reactor
23	BACK TO MYSELF, Hand Me Downs	Greasy
24	LOST, Died Pretty	Blue Mosque
25	EVERYBODY'S GOT TO, Ed Kuepper	True Tone

Alternative chart compiled with the help of Au Go Go, Polyester, Umberella and Phantom Records

Metal

1	**KEEPER OF THE SEVEN KEYS PART 2, Helloween**	**(Noise)**
2	**OUT OF THIS WORLD, Europe**	**(CBS)**
3	**SURFIN' MOD, MOD.**	**(CBS)**
4	**OPEN UP AND SAY . . .AHH! Poison**	**(Megaforce)**
5	**APPETITE FOR DESTRUCTION, Guns'n'Roses**	**(CBS)**
6	**QUEEN OF THIEVES, Taramis**	**(Metal Blade)**
7	**SOUTH OF HEAVEN, Slayer**	**(WEA)**
8	**EXTREME VOLUME — LIVE, Racer X**	**(Roadrunner)**
9	**THE NEW ORDER, Testament**	**(Megaforce)**
10	**LONG COLD WINTER, Cinderella**	**(PolyGram)**

● *Courtesy Metal For Melbourne Records*

Clubland

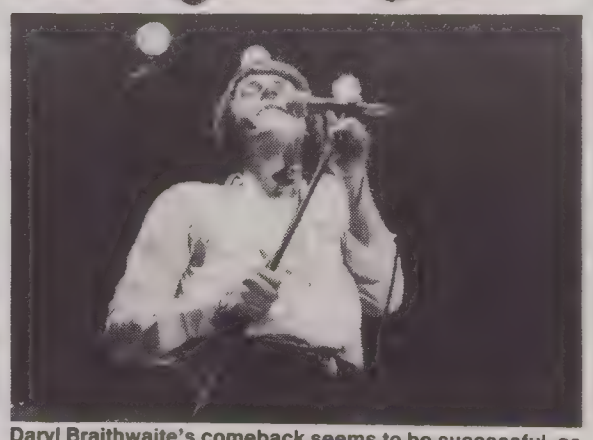
1 **A.B.C.D., RadioRama**
2 **REACH OUT I'LL BE THERE, The Four Tops**
3 **JACK TO THE SOUND, Hithouse**
4 **POP MUSIK, All Systems Go**
5 **BURN IT UP, Beatmasters**
6 **SHE WANTS TO DANCE WITH ME, Rick Astley**
7 **RAT IN THE MOVIE HOUSE, J.M.B.I.**
8 **JIBARO, Electra**
9 **I BEG YOUR PARDON, Kon Kan**
10 **ROFO'S THEME, Rofo**

● *Courtesy Central Station Record, Melbourne*

Videos

1	**PREDATOR**	**(CBS-Fox)**
2	**THE UNTOUCHABLES**	**(CIC-Taft)**
3	**LA BAMBA**	**(RCA-Columbia-Hoyts)**
4	**THE LIVING DAYLIGHTS**	**(Warner Bros)**
5	**FATAL BEAUTY**	**(CEL)**
6	**PLANES, TRAINS & AUTOMOBILES**	**(CIC-Taft)**
7	**CAN'T BUY ME LOVE**	**(Touchstone)**
8	**FULL METAL JACKET**	**(Warner Bros)**
9	**THROW MOMMA FROM THE TRAIN**	**(RCA-Columbia-Hoyts)**
10	**HARRY & THE HENDERSONS**	**(CIC-Taft)**

● *Courtesy Movieland*



Daryl Braithwaite's comeback seems to be successful, as his single comes into the Oz Top 25 at No. 6.

CHARTS

USA

SINGLES

1	1	**SWEET CHILD O'MIND Guns 'n'Roses**	**Geffen**
2	2	**SIMPLY IRRESISTIBLE, Robert Palmer**	**EMI/Manhattan**
3	7	**DON'T WORRY BE HAPPY, Bobby McFerrin**	**EMI/Manhattan**
4	6	**I'LL ALWAYS LOVE YOU, Taylor Dane**	**Arista**
5	5	**IF IT ISN'T LOVE, New Edition**	**MCA**
6	10	LOVE BITES, Def Leppard	Mercury
7	4	PERFECT WORLD, Huey Lewis And The News	Chrysalis
8	11	ONE GOOD WOMAN, Peter Cetera	Full Moon
9	9	NOBODY'S FOOL, Kenny Loggins	Columbia
10	13	DON'T BE CRUEL, Cheap Trick	Epic
11	21	RED RED WINE, UB40	A&M
12	12	IT WOULD TAKE A STRONG STRONG MAN, Rick Astley	RCA
13	21	I HATE MYSELF FOR LOVING YOU, Joan Jett & The Blackhearts	Blackheart/CBS
14	18	PLEASE DON'T GO GIRL, New Kids On The Block	Columbia
15	23	WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND, Information Society	Tommy Boy
16	20	FALLEN ANGEL, Poison	Enigma/Capitol
17	8	WHEN IT'S LOVE, Van Halen	Warner Bros
18	3	MONKEY, George Michael	Columbia
19	16	FAST CAR, Tracy Chapman	Elektra
20	—	GROOVY KIND OF LOVE, Phil Collins	Atlantic
21	22	A NIGHTMARE ON MY STREET, DJ Jazzy Jeff	Jive/RCA
22	—	TRUE LOVE, Glenn Frey	MCA
23	—	DON'T YOU KNOW WHAT THE NIGHT CAN DO? Steve Winwood	Virgin
24	24	STAYING TOGETHER, Debbie Gibson	Atlantic
25	—	FOREVER YOUNG, Rod Stewart	Warner Bros

ALBUMS

1	1	**APPETITE FOR DESTRUCTION, Guns 'n' Roses**	**Geffen**
2	2	**TRACY CHAPMAN, Tracy Chapman**	**Elektra**
3	3	**HYSTERIA, Def Leppard**	**Mercury**
4	4	**ROLL WITH IT, Steve Winwood**	**Virgin**
5	5	**HE'S THE DJ, I'M THE RAPPER, DJ Jazzy Jeff & The Fresh Prince**	**Jive**
6	6	FAITH, George Michael	Columbia
7	7	OPEN UP AND SAY . . . AHH! Poison	Enigma
8	9	OU812, Van Halen	Warner Bros
9	15	COCKTAIL, Original Motion Picture Soundtrack	Elektra
10	10	LONG COLD WINTER, Cinderella	Mercury
11	12	KICK, INXS	Atlantic
12	11	HEAVY NOVA, Robert Palmer	EMI/Manhattan
13	13	SMALL WORLD, Huey Lewis & The News	Chrysalis
14	24	SIMPLE PLEASURES, Bobby McFerrin	EMI/Manhattan
15	16	DON'T BE CRUEL, Bobby Brown	MCA
16	8	DIRTY DANCING, Original Motion Picture Soundtrack	RCA
17	14	LET IT LOOSE, Gloria Estefan & Miami Sound Machine	Epic
18	18	STRONGER THAN PRIDE, Sade	Epic
19	19	HEART BREAK, New Edition	MC
20	17	INTRODUCING THE HARDLINE ACCORDING TO, Terence Trent D'Arby	Columbia
21	23	LAP OF LUXURY, Cheap Trick	Epic
22	22	A SALT WITH A DEADLY PEPA, Salt 'n' Pepa	Next Plateau
23	20	IN EFFECT MODE, Al B. Sure!	Uptown/Warner
24	—	DON'T BE AFRAID OF THE DARK, The Robert Cray Band	Hightone
25	21	FOLLOW THE LEADER, Eric B. & Rakim	MCA

UK

SINGLES

1	1	**HE AIN'T HEAVY HE'S MY BROTHER, Hollies**	**EMI**
2	2	**A GROOVY KIND OF LOVE, Phil Collins**	**Virgin**
3	8	**I QUIT, Bros**	**CBS**
4	7	**LOVELY DAY (SUNSHINE MIX), Bill Withers**	**CBS**
5	3	**TEARDROPS, Womack & Womack**	**4th & Broadway**
6	20	NOTHING CAN DIVIDE US, Jason Donovan	PWL
7	—	DOMINO DANCING, Pet Shop Boys	Parlophone
8	4	THE RACE, Yello	Mercury
9	6	THE HARDER I TRY, Brother Beyond	EMI
10	15	EASY, Commodores	Motown
11	19	ANYTHING FOR YOU, Gloria Estefan & The Miami Sound Machine	Epic
12	5	THE ONLY WAY IS UP, Yazz And The Plastic Population	Big Life
13	18	BIG FUN, Inner City featuring Kevin Saunderson	10
14	24	I'M GONNA BE (500 MILES), Proclaimers	Chrysalis
15	—	RIDING ON A TRAIN, Pasadenas	CBS
16	9	DON'T MAKE ME WAIT/MEGABLAST, Bomb The Bass	Rhythm King
17	11	ANOTHER PART OF ME, Michael Jackson	Epic
18	22	STOP THIS CRAZY THING, Coldcut featuring Junior Reid And The Ahead Of Our Time Orchestra	Ahead Of Our Time
19	12	RUSH HOUR, Jane Wiedlin	EMI/Manhattan
20	—	SHAKE YOUR THANG, Salt 'N' Pepa featuring EU	London
21	—	SHE WANTS TO DANCE WITH ME, Rick Astley	RCA
22	—	BAD MEDICINE, Bon Jovi	Vertigo
23	13	MY LOVE, Julio Iglesias featuring Stevie Wonder	CBS
24	16	HANDS TO HEAVEN, Breathe	Siren
25	—	ONE MOMENT IN TIME, Whitney Houston	Arista

ALBUMS

1	2	**KYLIE, Kylie Minogue**	**PWL**
2	8	**HOT CITY NIGHTS, Various**	**Vertigo**
3	3	**RAP TRAX! Various**	**Stylus**
4	1	**RANK, Smiths**	**Rough Trade**
5	5	**TRACY CHAPMAN, Tracy Chapman**	**Elektra**
6	9	PUSH, Bros	CBS
7	6	THE FIRST OF A MILLION KISSES, Fairground Attraction	RCA
8	7	BAD, Michael Jackson	Epic
9	—	STATE OF EUPHORIA, Anthrax	Island
10	10	NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL MUSIC 12, Various	EMI/Virgin/Polygram
11	13	THE GREATEST EVER ROCK 'N' ROLL MIX, Various	Stylus
12	4	. . . AND JUSTICE FOR ALL, Metallica	Vertigo
13	11	THE BEST OF EAGLES, Eagles	Asylum
14	24	OUT OF THIS WORLD, Europe	Epic
15	22	DIRTY DANCING, Soundtrack	RCA
16	17	IDOL SONGS — 11 OF THE BEST, Billy Idol	Chrysalis
17	—	BUSTER-ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK, Various	Virgin
18	20	HEAVEN ON EARTH, Belinda Carlisle	Virgin
19	—	CONSCIENCE, Womack & Womack	4th & Broadway
20	16	APPETITE FOR DESTRUCTION, Guns 'N' Roses	Geffen
21	14	SO GOOD, Mica Paris	4th & Broadway
22	—	SPIRIT OF EDEN, Talk Talk	Parlophone
23	23	TANGO IN THE NIGHT, Fleetwood Mac	Warner Bros
24	21	TWICE THE LOVE, George Benson	Warner Bros
25	—	POPPED IN SOULED OUT, Wet Wet Wet	Precious Org

OUT! this week

Vinyl

Singles

DAVID LEE ROTH
Damn Good
GOOD QUESTION
Got A New Love (12")
ROBERT PLANT
Ship Of Fools (CD)
BON JOVI
Bad Medicine
VANESSA WILLIAMS
The Right Stuff (12")
DEEP PURPLE
Hush (12")
METALLICA
Harvester Of Sorrow (7", CD)
DEAD OR ALIVE
Turn Around And Count To 10

PLATINUM
Contact
PEPSI & SHIRLEY
Hightimes (7", 12")
GERRY RAFFERTY
Hearts Run Dry
WAS NOT WAS
Anything Can Happen
GREG ALLMAN BAND
Slip Away
U2
Desire (cass, single)
CHANTOOZIES
Kiss And Tell (12")
CLUB VEG
Yuppie Rap

ROCKMELONS
Jump
MASTERS APPRENTICES
It's Because I Love You
WILLIAMS & McCALLUM
Kiwi
MATT BIANCO
Good Times (7", 12", cass, CD)
JESUS & MARY CHAIN
Surfing USA
UNDERWORLD
Show Some Emotion
GRACE POOL
Awake With The Rain

Albums

BON JOVI
New Jersey
PM
PM
ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK
Midnight Run
VARIOUS ARTISTS
First Impressions
CRASH POLITICS
Mother Of Intention
DEEP PURPLE
Nobody's Perfect
JAMES BROWN
I'm Real
ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK
Caddyshack 2
NANCY WILSON
Nancy Now
GREGG ALLMAN BAND
Just Before The Bullets Fly
JANE WIDELIN
Fur
STEVE MILLER
Born To Be Blue
VARIOUS ARTISTS
Smash Da House
VARIOUS ARTISTS
Seed V Electric
VARIOUS ARTISTS
96FM Rock Classics

NINA SIMONE
At Newport
TROUBLE IN MIND
Trouble In Mind
DEATHROW
Raging Steel
RAGE
Execution Guaranteed
CORONER
R.I.P.
HELLOWEEN
Judas
KREATOR
Terrible Certainty
TANKARD
Chemical Invasion
CULT
Dreamtime
VARIOUS ARTISTS
Windham Hill Record Sampler '82
MICHAEL HEDGES
Watching My Life Go By
VARIOUS ARTISTS
Windham Hills Record Sampler '88
SAM BROWN
Stop!
WAGONEERS
Stout and High

• Nina Simone's new LP "At Newport" is released this week

CD

BOB SEGER
Night Moves
ULTRAVOX
Three Into One
JOHN MARTYN
The Electric John Martyn
SAM BROWN
Stop!

FRANK CHICKENS
The Best Of
VARIOUS ARTISTS
Windhall Hill Sampler '88
MICHAEL HEDGES
Watching My Life Go By
SCOTT COSSU
She Describes Infinity

FLEETWOOD MAC
Fleetwood Mac Live
BON JOVI
New Jersey
DEEP PURPLE
Nobody's Perfect
VARIOUS ARTISTS
First Impressions

Video

BATMAN-THE MOVIE
(Spoof adventure, G, CBS-Fox)
THE BOY IN BLUE
(Drama, M, CBS-Fox)
ENEMY TERRITORY
(Thriller, R, CBS-Fox)

PARTY PARTY
(Comedy, PG, CBS-Fox)
PRINCESS KATE
(Children's drama, G, CBS-Fox)
REVENGE OF THE NERDS
(Comedy, M, CBS-Fox)

SHAKEDOWN ON THE SUNSET STRIP
(Thriller, M, CBS-Fox)
TOP-ENDERS
(Children's drama, G, CBS-Fox)

BANDWAGON

EDITED: BRYAN PATTERSON

Automatic manuals — how to keep on top of your gear

Musical instruments are getting more technologically complex. And the people who buy them are expecting more and more from them.

But far too often, music shops and journals like this one are confronted with queries from musicians puzzled that their new expensive instruments won't sync with this or interface with that or won't sequence or edit properly.

Sometimes the expectations of instrument buyers is unrealistic. Hyped up by spec sheets and glossy brochures, they believe the machines are capable of everything under the sun . . . and a little bit more.

But more often, the musicians are just uninformed about how their instruments function and what they are capable of achieving.

Most of the manuals that come with today's supertoys are pathetic. Not only are they notoriously inaccurate and badly written (or woefully translated from the Japanese, Lithuanean or American original text), but they fail to give objective insights into the instrument's possibilities.

The confusion is dispelled by some music shop salesmen who are skilled at giving hands-on demos of equipment (yes Virginia, there are such Godsends in Australia). But there aren't really enough to go around.

Good music books about electronics aren't exactly thick on the ground either but things are getting better in that area.

Alexander Publishing, a Californian company, is doing its best to demystify technology has just released a series of easy-to-read MIDI manuals selling for under $30 each. Most of the books come with audio cassettes giving musical examples of the exercises in the books.

Each book covers the guts of getting good sounds from a particular machine. They include the DX7s, Roland D50, D10 and D20, Korg DW8000, DSM-I sampler, the new MI workstation, Ensoniq ESQ and SQ80, Casio CZ101, Kawai K5, Korg 707 and Oberheim Matrix.

Bandwagon recently had the chance to use one of the three manuals devoted to the workings of Korg's great M1 synth.

The book on sequencing on the M1 does a masterful job of packing lots of information into a tidy and coherent package.

Any machine has potential for creative musicians. And the M1, with its open-ended structure, is capable of interesting sequencing. The manual that comes in the box is, frankly, not impressive, so the Alexander Publishing volume is invaluable for anyone who wants to get the most from the system.

As you can imagine, with three volumes dedicated to the M1, the sequencing book is pretty tighty focussed and illuminating.

This is more than a whirlwind tour of goodies. It takes you through the basics and then the not-so-basic possibilities with a commendably friendly text.

The witty words are pitched at musicians of all types and educational experience. There are, for example, music manuscript examples of eight-part sequences that trained musicians can read. But, as a note on the bottom of the music says, if you wish to play it by ear, just listen to the tape (with all parts recorded separately) and then do your own thing with the sequencer.

The M1 manual was full of sensible practice regimes to help you practically understand the sequencer. This is a refreshing approach to conveying information to the masses. It's solid, readable and relevant.

There are over 50 titles in the series, not all confined to synths and samplers.

One book is titled *How To Make Your Drum Machine Sound Like A Drummer*. When ordering the book, you specify the make — Yamaha RX5, RX11 and 15, Roland TR505, 707 or 626 or Korg DD1 or DD5.

Other titles that we'd like to have a glance at include the *Murphy's Law MIDI Book* — I'm sure we'd all be able to contribute to that one — *How To Be Successful In Music Without Overpaying Your Dues, How To Stay Booked A Year In Advance* and *101 Songwriting and Composing Techniques*.

Coming soon is a series on orchestrating and arranging for brass, strings and percussion.

The books will certainly not cover all the bases that a good private teacher or plain experience will. But, at around $30 a pop, they will give musicians a good head start in a constantly changing business.

AMERICAN AMPS

Crate guitar amps, the American-made boxes used by Poison, Stryper, Steve Winwood and Yngwie Malmsteen, are now available in Australia.

Models now on sale in Oz include the famed G-60 (around $799), the 60 watts G212 ($999), the 40 watts stereo chorus G40C ($979) and the G120C chorus amp with 120 watts ($1199).

Crate bass amps include the B60 and B150C, both with custom 15-inch speakers and the keyboard range includes the KBA60 and KBA150, both with three input channels, EQ and reverb.

The Crate range is known as a rugged performer that handles much abuse on the road.

For info, contact Music Link in all states.

SEQUENCE YOUR DX

There's still plenty of life left in the old DX7 synth.

The new E-Board expansion kit for the Mark II DX synths includes a 16-channel, 16-track on-board sequencer with tracks assignable to any internal voice or MIDI channel.

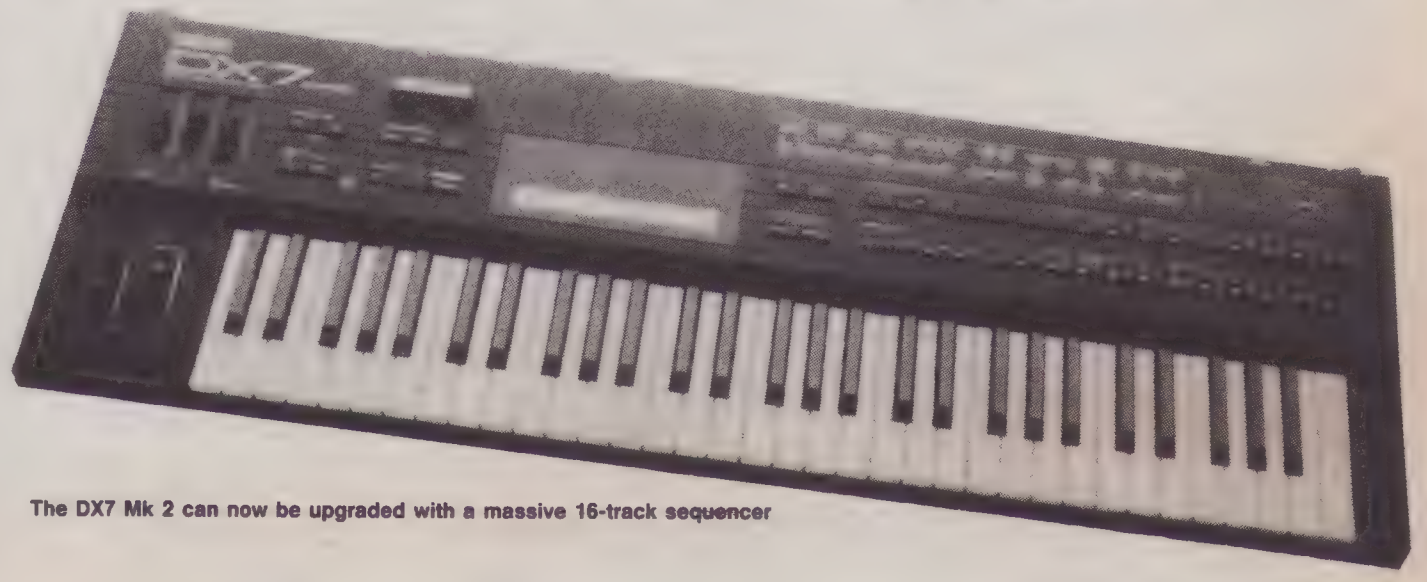
So you can record in real time or step time on any of the channels and call up sequencers right from the keyboard.

The powerful sequencer gives an eight-voice multi-timbral capacity and stores 220,000 notes on the DX711FD model and 22,000 events on the other models.

You can quantise notes, step edit and even push the beast into auto accompaniment mode so it provides the right chords to your melodies.

The E-Board increases on-board storage to 256 single voices and 128 performances. An Octal mode lets you play up to eight single voices at a time with stereo pan, separate volumes and velocity processing for each voice and live mixdown.

Not bad for around $1000. For more info, call Fretted Instrument stores.



The DX7 Mk 2 can now be upgraded with a massive 16-track sequencer

How to make a cheap video

Neil Finn was on TV earlier this year grumbling how a Crowded House video cost $90,000. He wasn't so much annoyed by the cost so much, just the idea that one video cost as much to record as an album.

The priorities seem to have become twisted, was the gist of his comment.

Money is still a big topic in the pop promo business, with the biggest mainstream acts spending between $60,000 to $100,000. It's not as expensive as it used to be: three years ago, it was almost a race between the top directors to see who could come up with the most expensive and glamour-filled videos.

As Australian bands fight it out on the international market, videos had to keep out. You'd find Icehouse flying to Morocco with the expensive Russell Mulcahey for a shoot (imagine all the expenses for that!) INXS to Prague, and Richard Clapton to East Germany, among others.

But in the last 18 months, the trend has been definitely swung back to live performances. But video clips are still an expensive commodity.

In the world of indie promos, where obviously there's far less money to splash about, the trend has been reversed with new directors tripping over themselves in their apparent effort to prove just how cheaply a promo can be made — for about $1,000. They're not always terribly well made or interesting to watch.

The Choirboys are lucky enough to afford big budgets for their videos.

Inevitably a lot of them cost a lot more than their makers claim.

"It's almost romantic — young sharp director makes an imprssively artistic video for about a thousand bucks," says one film-maker. "That in itself looks quite impressive. But they don't take in all the costs — people working for free, equipment borrowed for free, locations given for free. Once you start to take these things into account, costs start to shoot up."

Crystal Set are one band who've done much of their art and music for themselves, and hence adept hands at cutting corners. Their videos cost around the $1,000 mark — and are considered good enough to get on some of the more adventurous TV shows and subsequently grab them a bigger audience than most indie bands.

Guitarist Phil Maher offers some pointers:

★ most young bands are too concerned with arty effects. The priority is to get the content together. The effects are a bonus. Good economical ideas don't have to come from a big name, there could be a young film-maker or film student looking for experience who might be able to do just as good a job.

★ plan out the whole video before the shoot. Have definite ideas and certainly a story-line.

★ the eye and brain have limited spans. Keep it interesting with quick edits. An outdoor location is free, unlike studios or ballrooms.

★ scout around directors rather than go for the first one who turns up. A bit of marketplace bargaining is never out of the question.

The best ideas for low budget yet effective promos come from the British dance scene — the videos for No. 1 hits like Bomb The Bass, S-Express, Beatmasters and Cookie Crew cost between $5,000 to $15,000. By cutting up stock footage and kitsch cartoons to echo the musical sampling and the matching speeded-up street shots to the raw pace of the track, Bomb The Bass' "Beat Dis" got the most appropriate video imaginable.

British video makers (and increasingly the independent ones in Australia) are learning that a club hit can have its impact by being sustained with the music, and novel enough to stand out.

The increased commercial success during the past 12 months of new black music styles — rap, hip hop, house, acid, techno — has brought to the fore many of the tricks of the low budget promo. These include hand-help Super 8, scratch, quirky rostrum, Xerox animation and crude garish keying.

Obviously these become cliches very quickly, as the above trademarks already have.

Most of the latest clips (take the Techno dance tracks, for instance) are following into computer generated images and computer animation.

According to young video makers Mark McLean and Colin Scott, it's easy to get these latest effects.

"Basically what we do is spend a lot of time generating shapes on a simple Fairlight computer, organising them into patterns and planning sequences out as much as we can. Then we make a big jump from a fairly low tech piece of equipment to doing a more free-form mix on Encore or Mirage."

One that promo directors and producers will agree is the importance of planning.

British film maker Fiona Stylianou (responsible for Bomb The Bass and S-Express clips) says: "It always amazes me when so much money goes into building the profile, the image of an artist, that so many videos seem so casually brought about — often without any kind of brief or any proper link to anything else the artist is doing."

Yes, some ideas will inevitably cost $80,000 and there's nothing you can do about those. But there are some ideas which *cost* that much, and which could have been done for only $8,000. It's the job of a good commissioner to know that and allocate his/her budget accordingly.

Any decent independent video maker would tell you that if they had more time, creativity would go up and the costs down. Planning and vision is always the key.

— MICHAEL MORRIS

Live ON STAGE

HOTPOINT FESTIVAL:

Siouxsie & The Banshees/Young Gods/Triffids/Johnny Thunders/Arno/Linton Kwesi Johnson/Fishbone

Venue: Lausanne, Switzerland

An open-air festival in *Switzerland!* . . . that famed global Finishing School for sexy consumptives. "Thanks, mate, I don't mind if I do! . . ."

Mock not, maladorous cynics. Some say that music, like food, tastes better in the open air. And for once I will try to believe them. I will be at one with the mountains, and skip through the crowds of daisy fresh Swiss youth, knowing — even as the music soars — that men in short trousers are twanging their braces admiringly . . .

Reality eventually catches up with me in the shape of Lausanne's festival site; a huge makeshift swimming pool half-filled with filthy water. It used to be a field but that was before the rain came. A marquee bobs incongruously at its centre.

I gawp, scandalised, as the enthusiastic bunch of under-fives organising the event quickly cobble me together a pass. Some are wearing cagoules — the *ultimate* fashion crime — while others parade openly in chunky sweaters and semi-flares. In Australia they would be stoned to death, here they are The Elite.

For once I feel eerily conspicuous in my commandant romper suit and thigh highs. One dude in particular is eyeing me suspiciously; *is he going to arrest me for War Crimes?* I am lucky. **Fishbone** are announced and the moment passes. Time to wade purposefuly towards the tent.

Fishbone are something of a black American ska band. the main singer — suit-ed, dreadlock-ed mohican-ed — twists a transparent bane between his fingers. Visually, at least, this man cannot fail to amuse or excite. He is almost unnerving, twisting and galloping over the same smart ground long vacanted by, say, James Brown, Little Richard and — lets get contemporary — Mary Byker.

Never mind, Mr Fishbone, yo can wait. You will pass the time somehow with your rap, brass and dignity. And one day soon the fog will shift, the heavens will open and then . . . *goddammit!* we'll all get to have some fun.

Linton Kwesi Johnson is a greying black poet activist. Fun, one soon comes to realise, is not this man's main objective. Powerfully logical, softly sincere, the dark entrails of his work are sadly lost on this crowd. Most can't understand a word. For all they know, or care, he could be a protege of Enoch Powell.

As for poor, old **Johnny Thunders** still shuffling around the circuit in his carpet slippers after all these years . . . *it was embarrassing.* God, I *feel* for that guy, still rocking away, beerily oblivious, with that mouth flapping crazily, *first* a sneer, *then* a grin . . . oh Johnny, nobody even cares. Most ogle his new blonde backing vocalist who owns a bust and pout so pronounced that collectively they smother the band. After suffocating for the 14th time they leave, till encoring profusely . . .

By the time **The Triffids** come on I am starting to entertain cravings for *anybody* with an English or Australian accent. The Triffids effectively wreck my perfectly reasonable fantasy involving John Craven and Keith Chegwin.

Visually, The Triffids are a wretched affair. One of them has the audacity to resemble that blonde drip out of The Monkees. Another sports a burnt orange suit. Musically it is all spacey, twanging country-rock. During 'Snakewalk' and 'Kelly's Blues' I lie face down in the mud, hallucinating wildly that I am back at *that* Swan gig.

The Devil is within me. I am lost, and it is all too sick and unbearable until — unwittingly — The Triffids do something to break the monotony. The girl singer — a cube shaped monstrosity you could roll like a dice — starts singing: *"Oh, I believe, yes I believe that it is randy pleasue . . . oh yes! . . . randy pleasure."*

What an ace lyric, I marvel, dropping to my knees humbly. It later transpires that The Triffids are referring to 'reigning pleasure'. The dust flies back into my ears, and I glare at them balefully; they have destroyed my pleasure and for what? A mug of hipply slop and an unlovely version of 'Into The Groove'. Skippy *will* be revenged!

Triffids' Dave McComb

The black tie pretensions of **Arno** don't interest me for long. I am too busy strangling the strange creatures that keep popping out of the mud. Some considerate organiser has lain straw down inside the tent (Why? To protect our hooves?). This is fortuitous as **The Young Gods** inspire a stampede into the ring.

The Young Gods are Swiss, and comprise one keyboardist, one drummer and Billy Graham's long lost twin. This band are, apparently, causing excitement in all the right circles, even as I write. It would seem that no one can recall that famous tape of Ian Curtis visitng the bog back in the early '80s. The Young Gods achieve that very same chilling splendour, and then go no further.

The singer is an interesting specimen. He hangs Christ-like in the flickering strobes, he droops into a foetal position, he claws the air before him besechingly. A cold, sick feeling crawls snake-like into my stomach.

The utterly self-sufficient and unchanging reality of Siouxsie And The Banshees has been well documented. Not so their frequent ridiculousness. Their obsessions amount, after all, to little more than a spiralling staircase; and when you're continually turning corners that small it tends to become hypnotic, almost self perpetuating . . . in shot, a lot of the time The Banshees are far too busy being The Banshees to achieve much.

Tonight, however, they manage to escape the sticky chopstick embrace of their pretentions and deliver some deliciously infectious pop. I knew they could do it. You did too. I swear to you disbelievers, I have never seen The Banshees look this enormous and important, or sound so strong. You see, I've seen them before but it was never like this.

Severin is dressed as a Goth Ghandi as usual but Sioux looks sensational — all tassled and white, dreamy and domineering. No wonder a Swiss boy faints. She is one creeepy Isadora, slinking and purring through some newer numbers, some of which suck, others which amount to something approaching a cinematic experience. Sioux hushes her audience. Severin pulls his best Quentin Crisp face and then it's into 'Peek-A-Boo'.

This is properly operatic, a clattering and beguiling mess. Like that The Banshees can make any old rubbish smell as fragrant as a baby's breath — they become, as it were, untouchable. For the encores they perform 'Spellbound' and 'Dear Prudence', the audience spontaneously combusts. This is the stuff screams are made of, the inking on a rainbow, something had to be done with this wreck of a festival and they did it.

BARBARA ELLEN

This Is Serious Mum/ Schnell Fenster

Venue: The Palace, Melbourne

LAUGH? I couldn't stop! TISM are like the Seven Dwarfs on speed . . . a fluoro orgy of blur and noise, punctuated with raves which dictate the left, from stage right.

In full tribal head dress — consisting of foam-rubber numbers from one to seven — TISM managed to fill this pink beer barn with seasoned TISM fans (dangerously close to the front); curiosity seekers (at the back), members of other, even more famous bands (dangerously close to the bar) and a few local junies (dangerously close to the edge).

When TISM stand and smile in a line on the stage, the numbers which stand erect on each head seem to laugh back in a display of just what the band will be making from tonight's show: why there's ticket sales, t-shirts, records, mail-order forms all bearing the TISM insignia and friendly advice like: *"TISM's clothing range comes with this absolute guarantee. If you buy any of our Sloppy Joes or T-shirts, your penis will grow to the length of 12", or if you're a girl, your breasts will increase in size and hour hips will lose any excess fat."* The guarantee then goes on to say if you're not satisfied, you may demand monetary compensation by contacting "us at the following address": "Hinch at Seven", C/- Channel Seven, 76 Dorcas St, Sth Melbourne, 3205.

It's the sneering and smearing that brings along the kids.

They pogo and slam against the front of the stage and join in every word of the rhyming, manic-street-poet raves, which slander in a fashion destined to cause more hysteria than a Killer-Flu virus scare on Channel 10 News. As the band want to tell you with their giant backdrop and huge street posters, you can hear the raves by spending some bucks on the double LP, which is called *Great Truckin' Songs Of The Renaissance*, and comes in no less than three different colours and covers.

TISM are cartoon pantomime and the reason there's nearly two-thousand people here tonight is because they entertain. Sure they're the biggest capitalists you'll find this side of Byron Bay, but they're just SO blatant about it, no one notices, or cares . . . because at last we're getting some value for money.

Tonight's show incorporates a fashion parade, peppered throughout the gig, displaying past TISM outfits and headwear. By the end of the night there's thirty TISM members on stage, there's six security people throwing over-zealous fans back into the writhing sea in front of the elevated mayhem, whilst others take the voluntary dive. It's all well-planned, but all great fun.

The best songs (yes! They occasionally play 'em!) tonight were all lifted from the four-side *Truckin'* LP and include the grinding "Defecate On My Face", "$40 Years — Then Death", "The Ballad Of John Bonham's Coke Roadie" and the soft and sensitive "Choose Bad Smack". There seems to

TISM (pic by Marty Williams)

be a masochistic streak in all of us, which actually enjoys being taken for a ride. So as the TISM roller coaster speeds-up, we like being reminded, as TISM will, that we're all "pretty f...ing gullible". So when you find the place where the Residents meet the Sex Pistols and have dinner at Adolf's, succumb and have some fun.

Whether it was an intentional juxtaposition, or simple irony, it turned out that Schnell Fenster were about as entertaining as a dry sponge.

For all the creativity this band reflects through their music, you'd imagine they'd at least mutter a "hello" or "thanks for coming", but not a word was spoken. Static and unsmiling, Schnell Fenster are either very nervous or very unhappy about playing.

The sound evokes early Split Enz (everyone says that, I know, but it's *true*!) without the visual animation or youthful enthusiasm.

As record company reps were busy panicking about how they were going to market their newly-signed pet rock, I was thinking about how the band's live instrumentation falls tragically short of what they could — and did achieve — on *The Sound Of Trees* LP. A brass section, real keyboard player and a talking singer would give some justice to the Schnells, ;who are a creative and talented band, with a blown bulb in their projector. Maybe time will heal.

— ROBBIE COATES

more reviews on 29

Gig Guide

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N.S.W.

ALLNITERS
5 St. James Tavern, 7 Fairfield RSL
ASYLUM
7 Sutherland Royal Hotel
BEATNIX
6 Roundhouse, 7 Players, Singleton, 8 Mudgee Soldiers Club, 9 Wellington Soldiers Club
BIGGER THAN TEXAS
8 Caringbah Inn
CATCH 22
4 Cock 'n' Bull Tavern
THE CHANT
7 Hopetoun Hotel
THE CHILLS
7, 8 Kardomah Cafe
CHOO CHOO SHUFFLE
5 St. James Tavern
CLICHE
5 Penrith Leagues Club
COCKROACHES
3 Sheilas, 5 Revesby Roundhouse, 6 Sweethearts, 7 Tiffanys, 8 Caringbah Inn
LUKE COLEMAN
6 Manly Vale Hotel
COLOUR BLUE
4, 6 The Brink, Hilton Hotel
CRASH POLITICS
7 Sutherland Ent. Centre
STEPHEN CUMMINGS
7, 8 Harbourside Brasserie
DANGLIN BROS
5 Kardomah Cafe

DEAR ENEMY
6 Manly Hotel, 7 Parramatta Leagues Club, 8 Sydney Cove Tavern
DIGGER REVELL BAND
6 Nth Wollongong Hotel
DIRTY WHITE BOYS
7 Stags
DAVE DOUGLAS
4 Wynyard Arcade, Alpine Bar
SLIM DUSTY
6, 7, 8, 9 Twin Towns Services Club
EARTHLINGS
6 Kings Head Tavern, 7 El Greco Tahmoor, 8 Warilla Bowling Club

MAL EASTICK BAND
5 DiDi's, 6 Station Rock Room, 7 General Bourke Hotel, 8 Banjos, 9 Lucys Tavern
THE ECHOES
6 KC'S Cannonball Express
THE EDDYS
4 Grand Hotel
JON ENGLISH
7 Rooty Hill RSL
ENORMOUS HORNS
5 Great Northern Hotel, 6 General Bourke Hotel
THE EVERYS
4 Sydney University
F.O.O.D.
7 Hopetoun Hotel

THE GENERATION
6 Tracks, Epping, 8 Hotel Manly
GLASS CANOE
5 General Bourke Hotel, 6 Merino Tavern
GOLD ZEPPELIN
7 Banjos, 8 Electric Ballroom
JAMES GRIFFIN & THE SUBTERRANEANS
5, 6 Balmain Leagues Club, 7 Sandringham Hotel
HAT TRICK
6 Great Northern Hotel
HIPSLINGERS
8 Annandale Hotel
INSANE HOMBRES
4 St. James Tavern, 8 Sutherland Royal Hotel

JIMMY AND THE BOPKATZ
7 Penrith Leagues Club
JUMP BACK JACK
5 Manly Hotel, 6 Kardomah Cafe, 7 Bridge Hotel
KILLING TIME
7 Sutherland Royal Hotel, 4 St. James Tavern
KINGS CROSS
6 Sutherland Royal Hotel
KIZUM
8 Electric Ballroom
ED KUEPPER AND THE YARD GOES ON FOREVER
5 Lansdowne Hotel
MACHINATIONS
7 Sutherland Eng. Centre, 8 Sydney Cove Tavern, 9 Fannys

MOTHERLOAD
8 Penrith Leagues Club
THE MOTHERS
8 Sutherland Royal Hotel
MY HEART BLEEDS FOR YOU
4 St. James Tavern
MY THREE SONS
5 The Brink, Sydney Hilton
NEW CHRISTS
6 St. James Tavern, 7 Caringbah Inn
1927
4 Tracks, 9 Cronulla Leagues

PAINTERS & DOCKERS
5 ANU Bar, 6 Electric Ballroom, 8 The Venue, Dee Why
PRESSURE COOKER
5 Greengate Hotel
ROGER & PIXIE
6 Pioneer Tavern
KIM SALMON & THE SURREALISTS
7, 8 Petersham Inn
SECRET SOCIETY
6 Manly Hotel, 7 Parramatta Leagues Club
THE SEXATIONS
7 Baulkham Hills Sports Club
SMALL TOYS
5 Castle Tavern, Newcastle, 8 Newcastle Workers

GEORGE SMILOVICI
5 Canberra Labour Club
SOUL KITCHEN
6 Grand Hotel
SOUL SURVIVORS
8 DiDi's, 9 Nth Wollongong Hotel
SOUTHERN COMFORT
9 Penrith Leagues Club
SPARKLERS
5 Revesby Roundhouse
THE SPLIFFS
5 St. James Tavern
STARLETT
6 Sutherland Royal Hotel
SUNNYBOYS
6 Banjos, Bayview Tavern, 7 Fannys Tavern
TRAILBLAZERS
8 RAAF Base, 9 Wallacia Resort Hotel (arvo)

UNDERDOGS
7 Cumberland College, 8 Griffith Hotel
VENETIANS
4 Canberra College of A.E., 9 Penrith Leagues Club
VOODOO LUST
8 The Venue
WHITE CROSS
6 Mandolin Cinema, 7 Harold Park Hotel, 8 Hills Inn
WIZARDS OF OZ
5, 6 Harbourside Brasserie
STEVIE WRIGHT & HARD RAIN
8 Mortdale Hotel, 9 Bridge Hotel, Rozelle

Victoria

ARM THE INSANE
7 Club For Heroes, Carlton
ASTRO'S
8 Prince of Wales Hotel
AXE & SAX
5 Royal Hotel, Nth Melb, 6 Prince Mark Hotel, Dandenong, 8 Caledonian Hotel, Hamilton

BADARTS
8 Middle Park Hotel
BAKER BROS
8 The Underground, City
THE BAND WHO SHOT LIBERTY VALANCE
6 The Palace

BARNEY DOES BEDROCK
8 Provincial Hotel, Ballarat
THE BLACKBIRDS
5 Queens Arms Hotel, St. Kilda
SCOTT BUCHANAN
7 Bush Inn Hotel, 8 The Regent Hotel, City

CABARET SAUVIGNON
7 The Underground, City
JULIAN CAIRNS
6 The Regent Hotel, City
JOE CAMILLERI & THE BLACK SORROWS
6 Zanies, City, 7 Forresters Arms, 8 Music Station

CARMEN SUITE
8 Village Green Hotel
CHESHIRE CATTE
6 Richmond Club Hotel
THE CHILLS
6 Chasers

CLOWNS SMILING BACKWARDS
8 Builders Arms Hotel, Fitzroy
COBBERS
5 Dan O'Connell Hotel, Carlton, 8 Keilor Heights High School Hall
COMPANY B
6 Riverside Hotel, 8 Tok H. Toorak

COOL RUNNIN'
9 Union Hotel, Windsor
CRASHLAND
7 Club For Heroes, Carlton
CROWN OF THORNS
9 Middle Park Hotel

PETER CUPPLES
7 21st Century Dance Club
CUT LOOSE
3 Sydenham Hotel, Richmond, 8 Bourke County Hotel, Sth Melb

DESPERATE LIVING
6 Queens Arms Hotel, St. Kilda, 7 Punters Club, Fitzroy

EAST
8 Tower Hotel, Alphington
11.59
8 Crossroads Rock Concern, Box Hill Drama Centre
EMERALD
7 Centre Club Hotel, Morwell

EVERY BROTHERS
8 The Palace
THE EVERYS
6 CUB Club, Collingwood, 7 Middle Park Hotel, 8 The Palace

FEED THE CATS
6 Warehouse, Sth Yarra, 8 Flower Hotel, Port Melb

FELINE TOUCH
6 Richmond Club Hotel
MARTY FIELDS
3, 5 The Regent Hotel, City, 6, 8 Bush Inn Hotel
THE FISH JOHN WEST REJECT
8 Evelyn Hotel, Fitzroy, 7 Empress Hotel, Nth Fitzroy
FUNHOUSE
8 John Barleycorn Hotel, Collingwood
GET OFF THE CAT
7 The Underground, City
GIMIX
6 Henry Barklay Hotel, Heidelberg, 7 Westside Hotel, laverton, 8 Flite Deck, Essendon Airport, 9 Royal Hotel, Ferntree Gully
GO 101
4 The Palace, 7 Corner Hotel, 8 City Limits, Sandown Park
GO TO WOE
7 Bourke County Hotel, Sth Melb, 8 Memphis Club, Bulleen (arvo)
DAVE GRAY
7 The Regent Hotel, City
GREEN SOX INC.
7 Provincial Hotel, Ballarat
HAIRCUT 73
6 The Underground, City
HARD-ONS
7, 8 The Club, Collingwood, 9 Barwon Club, Geelong
COLIN HAY ACOUSTIC BAND
9 Botanical Hotel, Sth Yarra
COLIN HAY BAND
6 Esplanade Hotel, St. Kilda
THE HEADSTONES
7 Prince of Wales Hotel, 8 Barwon Club Hotel, Geelong
HIGH VOLTAGE
5 Lady Bay Hotel, Warrnambool, 6 Forresters Arms, 7 Velvets Night Club, 8 Village Green, 9 Corner Hotel, Richmond
JON HOLLAND
4 The Green Room, Regent Hotel, 5 Ferntree Gully Hotel, 6, 9 Dava Hotel, Mt. Martha
THE HUMMINGBIRDS
5 CUB Club, Collingwood, 6 Chasers, 76 Middle Park Hotel, 8 Barwon Club Hotel, Geelong
IN THE POCKET
6 Music & Theatre Co. Cafe, Richmond
JABULANI
3 Grainstore Tavern, 6 Chevron Hotel, 7 Billboard
MAGGIE JACKSON
5 Churchers, 7, 8 Reef Restaurant, City
MARK JACKSON
7 Broadmeadows Shopping Centre (early)
JANZ
6, 8 Zanies, City, 7 The Palace, 9 21st Century Dance Club, Frankston
JOHNNY FAVOURITE
4 Cafe Venice, Sth yarra, 5 Zanies, City, 7 Warehouse, Sth Yarra, 9 Star Hotel, Sth Melb, 9 Underground, City (late)
VINCE JONES
7 Music & Theatre Co. Cafe, Richmond
THE CHRIS KENNA BAND
9 The Tote, Collingwood
KIA KAHA
8 Survival Reggae Club, Sydenham Hotel.
KICK THE MOON
7 Ferntree Gully Hotel
KOALA JUMP
8 Music & Theatre Co. Cafe, Richmond

LION
8 Survival Reggae Club, Sydenham Hotel
LITTLE RIVER BAND
4 The Palace
LIVING PROOF
7 Baxter Tavern, 8 Wyung Hotel, Bairnsdale
LONELY BOYS
5 Intrepid Fox Tavern, Sth Melb, 6 Tankerville Arms, 7 Bensons Tavern, 8 Her Majestys.
LUBRICATED GOAT
6 The Sod Club, 7 Punters Club, 8 Warehouse Party
ANDY LUTZE & ELECTRIC CO.
8 Ashley Hotel, Braybrook
MAYBE AN OMEN
7 The Tote, Collingwood
MELODY LORDS
9 The Underground, City
METROPLAY
6 Edwards Tavern
MARGARET MORRISON QUARTET
4 The Regent Hotel, City
THE MUDCRABS
8 John Barleycorn Hotel, Collingwood
MUNSTER TERRACE
5 Shoppingtown Hotel, Doncaster, 7 Kellys Hotel, Cranbourne

NAKED CITY
9 Khyatts, Brighton
NEO CLASSIQUE
7 Epping Hotel, 8 The Mail, City, 9 The Met, Nth Melbourne
NEW FRONTIER
9 Star Hotel, Sth Melb
NICK BARKER AND THE REPTILES
7 Barwon Club Hotel
NO
8 Warehouse, Nth Melbourne
THE NUBILES
7 Prince of Wales Hotel
PARTY ANIMALS
5 Centre Club, Morwell, 7 Richmond Social Club, 8 Memphis Club, Bulleen
PASTICHE
4 Music & Theatre Co. Cafe, Richmond
PRAY TV
8 Builders Arms Hotel, Fitzroy

PRESSURE COOKER
7 Devonshire Hotel, Brighton
THE PROPELLERS
7 Prince of Wales Hotel
PURE INSTINCT
6 Evelyn Hotel, Fitzroy
REDGUM
7 Music Station, 8 Velvets Night Club
THE REMNANTS
7 Junction Hotel, Newport
REUNION
6 Star Hotel, Sth Melbourne, 7 New Boundary Hotel, East Melb, 8 The Met, Nth Melbourne
RHYTHM METHOD
8 Centre Club Hotel, Morwell
RHYTHM PIGS
6 Punters Club
THE RHYTHM RATS
7 Royal Hotel, Benalla, 8 Albion Hotel, Wangaratta, 9 Paradise Lost, Albury
ROCKET 88'S
9 Barwon Heads Hotel
ROCK STEADY
5 Oakleigh Hotel, 6 Cramers Nitespot, 7 Intrepid Fox Tavern, Sth Melb, 8 Dingley International Hotel, 9 Merton Rush Hotel, Morwell

THE ROOF CATS
7 Tower Hotel, Alphington
ROUTE 66
5 Loaded Dog
ROXAS
8 The Underground, City

ROXXON
6 Geelong Performing Arts Centre
SCARY BILL
8 Music Station, 7 Geelong Hotel
SCHNELL FENSTER
7 Checkpoint Charlie, 8 Corner Hotel, Richmond

SENSATIONAL ROCKET 88'S
7 Central Club Hotel, 8 Great Britain Hotel, 9 Barwon Heads Hotel
SEPARATE TABLES
8 Geelong Hotel
SHADOW OF DOUBT
7 Club for Heroes, Carlton, 8 Prince of Wales
S.I.C.
6 The Club, Collingwood
SIDEKICK
9 Provincial Hotel, Ballarat
SLUB
8 Warehouse, Nth Melb
SLUSH PUPPIES
7 The Club, Collingwood, 8 Warehouse, Nth Melb
BRODERICK SMITH BAND
7 Music Station, 8 Prince of Wales Hotel
PHIL SMITH
8 The Underground, City
THE SOMETIMES
4 Punters Club, Fitzroy

THE SPOKESMEN
8 Riverside Inn
SPOTTED DOG
7 The Tote, Collingwood
THE STAND
7 The Palace
THE STEALERS
5 Memphis Club, Bulleen, 6 Kilkenny Inn, City, 7 Spyhole, Nth Fitzroy, 8 Star Hotel, Sth Melb
STONE CIRCUS
5 Queens Arms Hotel, St. Kilda
SUBURBIA
7 Evelyn Hotel, Fitzroy
SUNSET STRIP
9 Middle Park Hotel
THE SWING CLUB
7 Riverside Inn
TEACHERS PETS
5 Central Hotel, Brighton, 7 Isabellas, City, 8 Nicabelas, Malvern, 9 Croation Club, Geelong
TEMPLE OF BOOM
8 Intrepid Fox Tavern, Sth Melb
THE TRIMMERS
6 Moreland Hotel, Brunswick, 7 Flite Deck, Essendon Airport

TROUSER SNAKE
8 Shoppingtown Hotel, Doncaster
TWO'S A CROWD
9 Devonshire Hotel, Brighton
VENETIANS
5 Velvets Night Club, 6 Royal Hotel, Drouin, 7 The Palace, 8 Caledonian Hotel, Wonthaggi, 9 Provincial Hotel, Ballarat
JAMES VINCENT
7 Railway Hotel, Windsor
WALKING WOUNDED
7 The Tote, Collingwood
WILDEBEEST
6 Evelyn Hotel, Fitzroy
WILSMERE
8 Warehouse, Nth Melb

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Gig Guide

West. Aust.

CHRIS WILSON'S CROWN OF THORNS
6 Punters Club
WINTER SOLSTICE
7 Corner Hotel, Richmond
BRIAN WOOD
3 Town Hall Hotel, Sth Melb, 4 Beverley Hills Bar, 5 Star & Garter Hotel, Sth Melb, 6 Tudor Inn, Cheltenham, 7 Tower Hotel, Hawthorn, 8 Mitzies, Brighton
WORLDS AWAY
9 Parkview Hotel, Fitzroy
ZAN
4 The Underground, City

BLACK WIDOWS
6 Old Melbourne Hotel, 7 The Beac
BOX CARS
9 Cloverdale
CASTAWAYS
4 Cagneys, Claremont
CLUB WARMIA
8 Charles Hotel
FEET FIRST
8 Mosman Hotel
THE FLYERS
6 Belmont Hotel

FREEFALL
9 Raffles
GREAT AUSTRALIAN BIGHT
6 Swingshift, 8 Cargo's
THE HALLUCINATIONS
9 Bay View Club
JOHN HEUSSENSTAMM BAND
7 Mosman Hotel

ICE TIGER
7 The Stadium, 9 Charles Hotel
INDUSTRIAL ROCK
7 Maylands Hotel
JETS
6 Cloverdale, 7 Warwick, 8 Raffles
THE KIND
7 Charles Hotel
NEW TRADITION
6 Charles Hotel
NO PATIENCE
7 Maylands Hotel

RAUNCHY
9 Swingshift (arvo)
ROOKIES
9 Pinnochios
SNEEKERS
6 Mosman Hotel
V-CAPRI
8 Vegas

South. Aust.

ANTI REASON
4 Royal Admiral Hotel
BEGGARMAN THIEF
7 Commercial Hotel, Mt. Gambier, 8 Royal Hotel, Portland, 9 Ponde, S.A.
BLACK PEARL
7 Elizabeth Downs Hotel

THE BLOKES
4 Jules, 5 LaCantina
DEADLY ERNEST
7 Royal Admiral Hotel
DIZZY HEIGHTS
3 Royal Admiral Hotel
FIVE GO WILD
7 After Dark Club

4 MIRRORS
5 Royal Admiral Hotel
GROUND ZERO
9 Royal Admiral Hotel
LOST TOYS
9 Kent Town Hotel

MORNING GLORY
6 Royal Admiral Hotel
PARTY KLONES
8 Royal Admiral Hotel

RIP THE BAG
8 After Dark Club

ROKARD
8 Grenfell Tavern
THE SWELL GUYS
8 Hotel Victor
THIS HOUSE IS JUMPING
8 Colonel Light Hotel

Queensland

BOSSANOVA KIDS
5 Surfers Paradise Beer Garden, 7 Deception Bay Hotel, 8 Centennary Tavern
FORCED ENTRY
5, 6 Sunnybank Hotel
THE GIRLIES
7 The Roxy, 8 The Patch, Coolangatta
HIGH VOLTAGE
7 Grand Hotel, Labrador, 8 Captain Cook Tavern, Kippo-Ring
MATT JAMES
4, 9 Royal Exchange Hotel
ED KUEPPER AND THE YARD GOES ON FOREVER
7 Roxy, Brisbane, 8 The Patch, Gold Coast, 9 Mooloolabah Hotel, Sunshine Coast

JOHNNO'S BLUES BAND
6 Benowa Tavern, 7 Captain Cook Tavern, 8 Gatton Rugby Club Ball, 9 Lake Hotel, Toowoomba
MIDNITE SPARKS
7 Bellevedere Hotel
MR. PRESIDENT
5, 6, 7, 8 Mansfield Tavern
NO U TURN
7, 8 Sunnybank Hotel
POP PROPERLY
8 Royal Exchange Hotel
RAPID FIRE
9 Sunnybank Hotel
DAVE REYNOLDS
9 Bellevedere Hotel
RUSTY & THE AYRES ROCKETTES
7 Sunnybank Hotel
SCREAMING TRIBESMEN
6 Raceview Tavern, 7 The Roxy, 8 The Patch, Coolangatta
SENSATIONAL 70'S ROCK SHOW
8 Sunnybank Hotel
SNORDEN BROS
6, 8 Royal Exchange Hotel
SNOW WHITE
5 Sunnybank Hotel
UNDER CONSTRUCTION
6, 9 Sunnybank Hotel

OZ CONCERT TOURS

INXS
October 13, 14: Brisbane Entertainment Centre
October 21, 22: Memorial Drive, Adelaide
October 26, 27, 28, 29: Sydney Entertainment Centre
October 31, Nov 1, 2, 3: Melbourne Tennis Centre
November 8, 9: Perth Entertainment Centre

JOHN FARNHAM
November 12: Rymill Park (Adelaide)
November 17: Bruce Stadium (Canberra)
November 24: Brisbane Entertainment Centre
November 29: Sydney Entertainment Centre
November 30: Sydney Entertainment Centre
December 7: Perth Entertainment Centre
December 15, 16: National Tennis Centre (Melbourne)

WA WA NEE
October 28, 29: National Tennis Centre, Melbourne
October 31: Brisbane Entertainment Centre
November 3, 4: Sydney Entertainment Centre

INTERNATIONAL TOURS

MICK JAGGER
October 6, 7, 14, 15, 17: National Tennis Centre, Melbourne
October 10, 11: Burswood Superdome, Perth
October 17: Melbourne National Tennis Centre

WHITNEY HOUSTON
October 22: Melbourne National Tennis Centre
October 25: Bruce Stadium, Canberra
October 31, Nov 1: Perth Entertainment Centre
November 7, 8: Sydney Entertainment Centre
November 11: Brisbane Entertainment Centre

BRYAN FERRY
October 21: Sydney Entertainment Centre
October 29: Brisbane Expo
November 4, 5: National Tennis Centre, Melbourne
November 7, 8: Adelaide Festival Theatre
November 11: Perth Entertainment Centre

AMERICA
October 4: Port Macquarie RSL
October 5, 6: Balmain Leagues Club
October 7: Ferntree Gully Hotel, Vic
October 8: The Palace, St. Kilda, Vic
October 9: 21st Century Dance Club, Vic
October 11: Wagga Rules Club, NSW
October 12: Revesby Workers Club, NSW
October 13: Dapto Leagues Club NSW
October 14, 15: St. George Leagues Club
October 16: Newcastle Workers Club

MONTEREY JAZZ
October 4: Apollo Entertainment Centre, Adelaide
October 6: Melbourne Entertainment Centre
October 8: Sydney Sports Centre

JIMMY BUFFETT
November 2: Newcastle Civic Centre
November 4: Brisbane Festival Hall
November 5: Sydney Entertainment Centre
November 8: Adelaide Thebarton Theatre
November 10: Melbourne Concert Hall
November 12: Perth Entertainment Centre

THE MONKEES
October 4, 5: Hobart Convention Centre, Wrest Point
October 6: Princess Theatre, Launceston
October 7: Melbourne Entertainment Centre
October 8: Adelaide Festival Theatre
October 12: Newcastle Civic Centre
October 13: State Theatre, Sydney
October 16: Blazes Entertainment Centre, West Tamworth L.C.

TAV FALCO'S PANTHER BURNS
October 7: Selinas, Sydney
October 11: A.N.U. Canberra
October 12: T.B.A.
October 13: Chasers, Melbourne
October 14: Prince of Wales, Melbourne
October 15: Old Greek Theatre, Melbourne

STING
November 7: Perth Entertainment Centre
November 10: Adelaide Memorial Drive
November 12: Melbourne Tennis Centre
November 16: Brisbane Entertainment Centre
November 18, 19: Sydney Entertainment Centre

RUN DMC
November 11: Melbourne Festival Hall
November 12: Horden Pavilion, Sydney (over 18's)
November 13: Horden Pavilion, Sydney

DAVID LEE ROTH
October 12: Melbourne Tennis Centre
October 15: Adelaide Thebarton Theatre
October 18: Sydney Entertainment Centre
October 19: Canberra Bruce Stadium
October 22: Brisbane Entertainment Centre

BROS
October 28, 29: National Tennis Centre, Melbourne
October 31: Brisbane Entertainment Centre
November 3, 4: Sydney Entertainment Centre

DEWEY REDMAN QUARTET
October 9: Universal Theatre, Workshop, Melbourne
October 8, 18: Tankerville Arms, Melbourne

UNDERWORLD
October 25: Bunbury Hotel, Bunbury, W.A.
October 26: Club Terrace, Fremantle, W.A.
October 27: The Stadium, Perth
October 28: Old Lion, Adelaide
October 30: 21st Century Dance Club, Frankston, Vic
October 31: The Palace, Melbourne
November 2: Sheilas, North Sydney
November 3: The Venue, Dee Why, Sydney
November 4: Tiffanys, Blacktown, Sydney
November 5: Bankstown RSL, Sydney
November 8, 9: St James Tavern, Sydney
November 10: Newcastle
November 11: The Roxy, Brisbane
November 12: Chevron, Gold Coast

THE Last WorD

Send your letters to The Last Word, Juke-Australia's Music Weekly, Box 628E, Melbourne, 3001.

The writer of the best letter published each week will receive $20 for making the effort.

Ssh-boom!

In reply to Mr Paul Stewart's quote in Juke (issue 698) " . . . we've been playing for six years in Australia and not one musical magazine has had us on the cover" I enclose the following — No. 05 of an independent Melbourne based MUSIC publication entitled *Lemon* (which is an acronym for Live Eclectic Music Or Nothing) which had none other than Painters & Dockers on the cover! Mr Stewart, the evidence is there in black and white, how do you plead? Guilty or . . .

Craig Kamber
St Kilda, Vic

If Ms Tracy Chapman thinks that success and fame is such a drag, then maybe she should give back the money people spent on buying her records. That should REALLY make her happy!

Linda Toomey
Curtin, ACT

Aaagh! A Kylie 'n' Jason duet single! Now I wish I hadn't campaigned so hard about someone dropping the Bomb on Australia!

T. Macavaney
Murray Bridge, SA

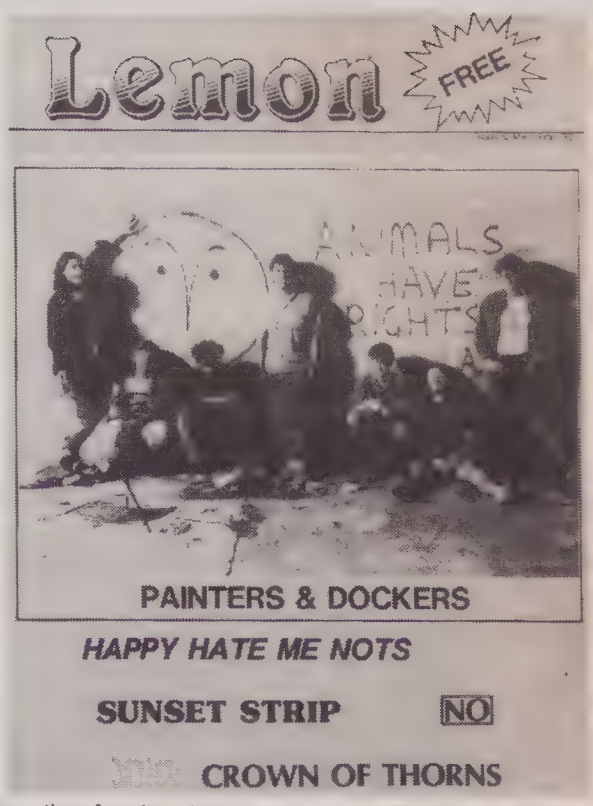
Isn't it time music magazines such as yourselves stopped giving attention to bands who are merely "stirring up the establishment" and devote more space to worthwhile MUSICIANS like Joni Mitchell, Keith Jarrett, Wayne Shorter, Vince Jones etc?

Andy
Darwin, NT

To all those morons who write into *Last Word* whining about how big bands have "deserted the fans who got them where they are" think about this. I buy a record or a concert ticket based on the basis of the highest return obtainable in pleasure for the money I have. I have therefore bought a night (or repeated playing) of pleasure of an artist, NOT a piece of their future (what an arrogant thought).

Do these scumbags really expect these bands to sign some sort of contract promising *x* amount of performances and records for *x* amount of years. In that case, should we not also have to sign a contract where we the consumers promise to spend *x* amount of money on these bands over the same period. Anyone fancy that?

Jim Clemetson
Brookvale, NSW



Bushy tailed

I would like to congratulate everyone associated with the recent Wild Colonial Boys tour. It was a great idea and excellent value for money, something a little different from your normal, predictable live rock and roll show.

Your review was pretty well spot on. Two hours of good old loud rock 'n' roll. It is very rare to see three of Australia's greatest rock performers, backed with A1 musicians, working together so well. Hopefully, this tour will not be a once off, never to be repeated special! I'm looking forward to seeing 'the Princess, the Pope and the Great Pretender' together real soon.

One suggestion: Marc Hunter PLEASE lose some weight AND Alan Mansfield will you marry me?

Natalie Jacobson
Gerogery, NSW

Factory protest

So the old grannies at the ABC are considering giving *The Factory* the chop, are they? This Australian attitude towards new teen music is really sick. As soon as there's a decent youth programme which deals in youth issues as honestly as possible, there'll be some grandma that gets offended or some middle aged critic who doesn't agree.

Immediately the ABC panics. They did that with *Beatbox*, now they're doing that with *The Factory*. Where else can you find out about hip-hop or heavy rock? Who else is concerned with teenage fashions, issues and attitudes? Where else can we actually see a brilliant band like Public Enemy live in action?

Why not write to the ABC complaining about their attitude? To tell them to stop poking their noses into things they don't understand. Our taxes (or at least those paid by our parents) pay for the ABC, they should be more sympathetic to their audience requirement, not try to be another commercial dross station.

Barney M.
Sutherland, NSW

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Juke ON STAGE

Joe Cocker

Venue: Apollo Entertainment Centre, Adelaide

Next to John Denver, Joe Cocker should best be considered the man least likely to join Black Sabbath. Mainly because Cocker might sing the blues from the well of despair, there's nothing negative or doom-laden about his songs.

Over the last two years Cocker has put to rest those tired old stories of drunkness, of a shambling has-been huffing and puffing through self pity songs.

(pic by Bob King)

On the last tour, particularly, he proved that cleaning up his act had strengthened that incredible voice considerably. This time around, he hit notes I was positive he couldn't any more.

What we're seeing is the Cocker who stunned Sheffield audiences when he was 18, in the way he could grab a lyric and throw it out with power into the audience, to accentuate the melodies with some tasteful phrasing. A man who knew what he was on about. A lot of water has passed under the bridge, and Cocker emerges to be a tough confident performer who comes close to magnificent at times.

With old stand-by Chris Stainton on piano, he threw his past high into the air and caught it deftly with "Hitchock Railway", "Little Help From My Friends" and "The Letter". They slid right in comfortably to the stuff the newer generation would associate with him "You Can Leave Your Hat On", "Unchain My Heart" and "Two Wrongs".

In a lot of ways, Cocker's public image is that of a struggling little man who got shat on by the world, and it's that feeling which makes the songs sound so convincing. There was something tragi-comical about the whole thing, and even today, that unwitting comic sense is there. There's Cocker, out front in his shirt and baggy trousers, hands sprawling all over the place. Behind him a tough but conceited bunch of players, dressed to kill in satins, tank tops, hats and shades, posteuring badly and desperately heaving for the spotlight. Shades of the *Mad Dogs & Englishmen* tour when everybody outshone the naive headliner.

But that doesn't detract from the man's performance or voice. Twice through the night — when he lived out "When As Man Loves A Woman" and then hit that high note on the gorgeous "You Are So Beautiful" — chills went up your spine, and looking at this survivor, smoke got into your eyes.

— ELLIOTT NUGENT

Blue Ruin/ Hollowmen

Venue: RMIT Storey Hall

Tall Tales and True were due on early in the evening, so there was no time for chocolate pudding, coffee or "Aspel". I swindled a motor from a foolhardy chum, defied the illegality of my parking spot, did an Olympic qualifier up the stairs into the hall, and what did I see? I saw T.T. & T. packing up, that's what. They went on early all right, more like late afternoon.

A bit miffed about this, my mood clouded right over listening to the tedious Hollowmen. Even squinting with pained concentration I found it impossible to get involved in the rigid canter of their timid folk rock. A bucket load of extra mild songs gasped along hoping for a hopeful push, but just expired with exhaustion.

In addition the sound was a mulched up aural stew which created the sensation of listening to music underwater with great accuracy. I've quite liked some of Billy Baxter's other projects but tonight the last kneedrop couldn't come quickly enough.

Blue Ruin sneaked into position through plumes of white smoke and a wash of shadowy indigo, uplifted by the shrill excitement of a whopping crowd. This was their last hometown hurrah before a scheduled six month assault on England where surviving winter will be as much a task as wooing the punters and pundits. The band thanked Melbourne with a mighty shock wave of a show, in which hailstorms of strings and drums, gale force vocals and stormy tales forecast a bright future.

Blue Ruin separate rhythm and blues and clap them back together at demented angles. A traditional foundation of paralytic melancholy is charged with sassy riffs of hard rock a la Hendrix, and further intensified by stammering lulls which suck back teasingly then leap out and smack you in the gob. Thus their version of "I Just Want to Make Love to You" was a reconstructed blues monster and the excellent newy, "Diesel Smile", drove forward with a flurry of surprise punches.

Sharon Jessup's contribution was tremendous. Her big soulful voice is the perfect partner for an argument with Ian McLean's gruff snarl. From the spellbinding gentility of "Calling You" to the drunken yelps of "Hey Bo", the two singers worked together marvelously. Bassman Simon Capp tended to overdo it a bit following the exploratory lead of Phil Calvert's lunatic drumming, but the two never lost track of each other and stoked the engine with ferocity all night. Mulaim Vela looked like he was waiting for a bus, but his exceptional guitar work was ample compensation for his coy presentation.

A five minute power cut did nothing to lessen the crowd's fervour or the band's momentum, and as the end loomed closer portions of the audience were going seriously bananas. One patron decided the best way to get from the circle down into the action near the stage was to topple over the balcony and slide down the metal pipe which collapsed under his weight. Iggy Pop would have smiled.

Chris Wilson shambled onstage and scared the shite out of his harp on "Helluva Woman", then after a surprise acoustic "Say Die", it was last drinks time. The delirium tremors of "Bad Gin" caterwauled to a close and the throng who had been death gripped by throat for ninety minutes were released with a smile and a wave.

England will be a sight more difficult than this of course but as their song says, Blue Ruin are in the mood for a fight. I just hope they packed their thermal underwear.

— MICHAEL WITHEFORD

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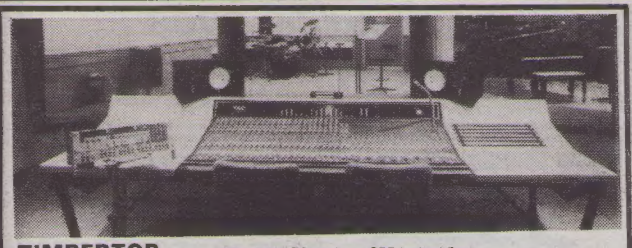
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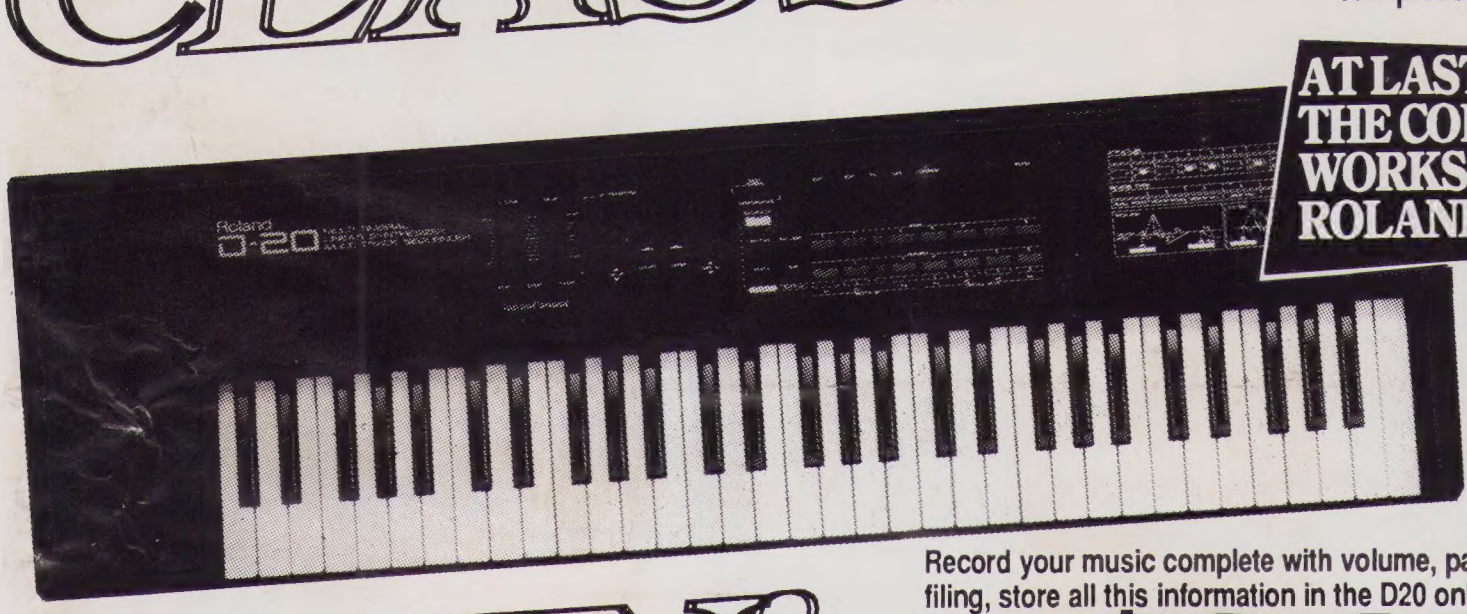

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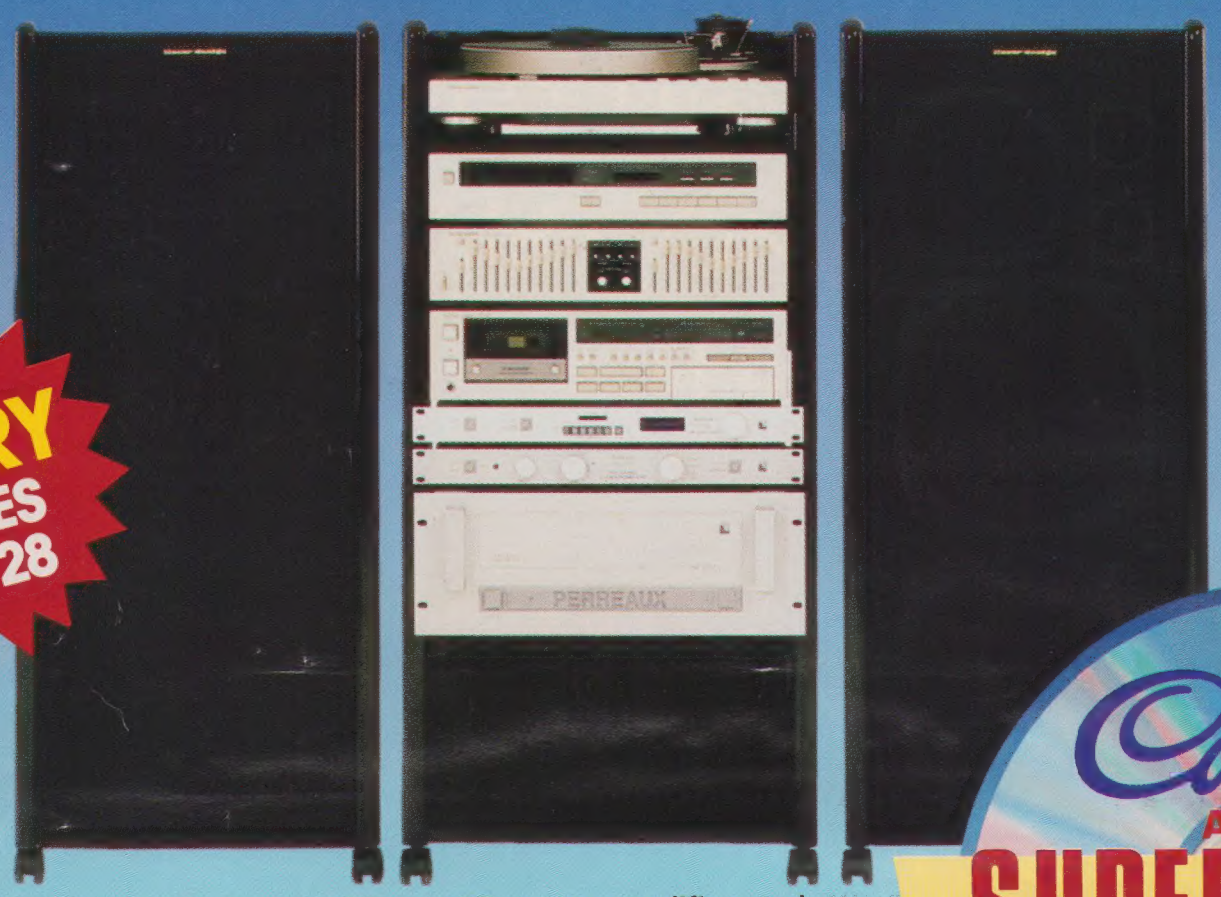

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